

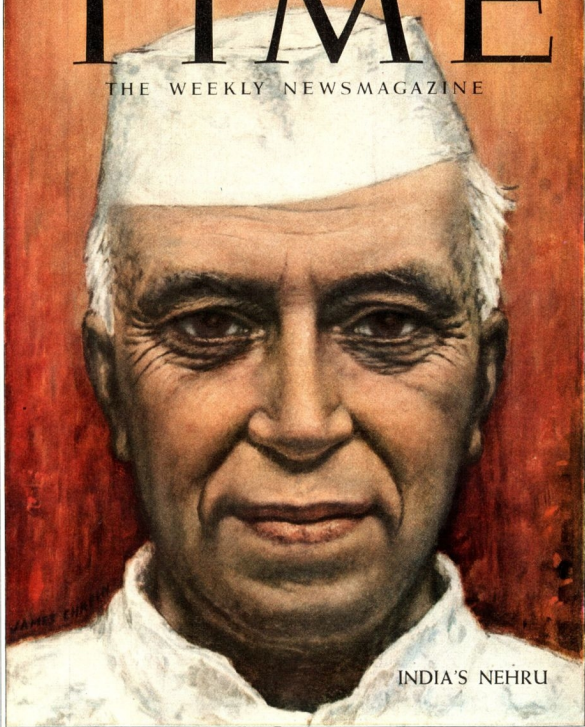
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JULY 30, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

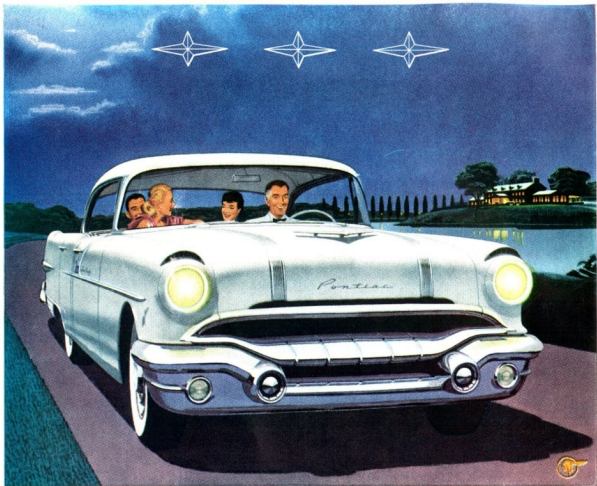


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LETTERS

Portrait of a Candidate

Sir:

Frankly, I like a smiling Adlai Stevenson such as I saw last week at a Westchester picnic; riding a kiddie train, making witty comments—but the serious portrait by James Chapin on the July 16 cover is superb. Let me also thank you for your very fair-minded feature story on the governor. I have not a doubt in the world but that this vastly intelligent, capable, honest man is destined to be the next occupant of the White House.

A. KLEIN

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir:

On political issues you've got every right to speak your preference. However, there is no excuse in using a badly retouched, unflattering picture of Adlai on your cover.

KEN MOORE

Flint, Mich.

Swampy Politics

Sir:

Hurrah for TIME! Your July 2 article on Earl Long is a masterpiece. Our governor is the worst thing that ever crawled from the slimy swamp of Louisiana politics.

LOEL H. GILBERT

New Orleans

Sir:

Louisiana's ills will never be cured by outside intervention or the judgments of outsiders.

W. B. BIZZELL II

Richmond

The Red Air Force

Sir:

Thank you for your concise reporting and expression of ideas of the visit of General Twining to Russia [July 9]. This has confirmed my ideas of Russia and her accomplishments in modern technological terms; she has not arrived at our "plateau" and will not for a long while.

J. I. RIES

Long Island City, N.Y.

Sir:

It would seem James Shepley's article has given Russia more information on the comparative strengths of the world's two great air forces than their paid spies have been able to dig up for the last six months. Is it not possible that this was the purpose of the Russian invitation given so congenially to Twining? Twining, plus the American press,

has given the Russians all the answers again. They know that garrulous verbosity is one of America's serious weaknesses.

(THE REV.) H. ROBERT SMITH
St. John's Episcopal Church
Gloucester, Mass.

Sir:

It wasn't too long ago that people could be found in the U.S. who thought the cursed Bolsheviks hadn't a single thing that they had not gotten from espionage. How they get things matters not. If you are nailed by a thug, does it matter if he stole his gun, bought it, or invented it himself?

JOHN P. CONLON

Newark, Ohio

Drabs & Dolls

Sir:

Must you continually bombard us with all these Italian actresses? Your July 9 issue continues to show Lollbrigida & Co. Without the names to identify, they all look alike—with their bosoms trussed high, their black eyes, sullen lips and the inevitable Italian haircut. Would certainly be most interesting to see these same Italian glamour gals by the time they arrive at the ripe age of 40. We would undoubtedly beg for the forgotten All-America girl who looks just as good at 40 as she did at 20.

Lemoyne, Pa.

ROBERT CASSEL

Sir:

After looking at the Marlyn's and the Ginas, I, a maturing but durable female plodder between house chores, taking the kids to school, pushing the market cart and comforting a petulant husband, etc., wonder just what these gilded drabs of stage and screen have.

A. TURNER

New York City

Dublin's Mayor

Sir:

Welcome to Lord Mayor Briscoe in his high office in the capital city of Catholic Ireland [July 9]. While nobody expects Jews to reciprocate by selecting a Roman Catholic lord mayor in Jerusalem, it would, however, be good news if Israelis—in response to the "wonderful gesture"—would stop campaigning against the handful of Christian missionaries in their midst. High time that in religious controversies all parties shall confine themselves to debating—and refrain from baiting.

London

GEORGE A. FLORES

Reconstructing Reconstructionists

Sir:

In Professor Brameld's new theory of "reconstructionism" [July 9] we have a unique and insidious form of educational brainwashing. Throw out the textbooks and the values of our civilization and you pave the way for any demagogue to lead children to think as he sees fit. There's one absolute Professor Brameld can't reject—my determination that my child has a right to grow up unreconstructed. Parents of the world, unite!

LINNEA F. LAYTON

Westfield, N.J.

Sir:

Brameld says there are no absolutes. That's a very absolute statement so fortunately, according to him, we can ignore it. If truth is only what the group or majority says it is, what is to prevent the group from plumping for head-hunting or cannibalism, or destructionism or any other "ism" if it's the group's idea of "being happier, more rational and humane"? Brameld's "dementia-ism" sounds like a lot of John Dewey's tripe warmed over.

P. O. WELLS

London, Ont.

Sir:

If Professor Theodore Brameld can keep on writing phrases like "the social consensus of the majority," he will be untroubled by educational "essentialism" in his reconstructed society. They will all be dead of tautological suffocation.

ALBERT LYND

New York City

Sir:

It probably wouldn't hurt anything to try out "reconstructionism," since U.S. education couldn't get any worse.

MICHAEL CALLAGHAN

Missoula, Mont.

Chest-Testers

Sir:

Your July 9 report on "The Age of Research" gives me all the evidence I need to support my theory that the weakest spot in American culture today is an almost total lack of true creative thinking. We have become a nation of improvers, adjusters, takers-apart, putters-together, dissectors, bisectors, inspectors, assemblers and reassemblers. The average American proudly thumps his breast, pointing with complacency to our vast quantity of technologically "superior" wealth. Where are the minds to match the intellectual curiosity of Edison, Marconi, Alexander Bell, Henry Ford or the Wright brothers?

J. W. EGGERT

Florham Park, N. J.

Sir:

Thanks for the excellent eye-opening report. Just in 1949 (with a B.S. in physics and math), I found in many a fair-sized concern that the director of research was either nonexistent or at the very bottom of the administrative list. With sales managers near or at the top of the list, I went into sales.

W. ROBERT MELZER

Pittsburgh

Confusion in the North

Sir:

We have grown accustomed to the Russians claiming the credit for every invention of note during the past 100 years, but when TIME [July 9] credits the Unitarians of Boston with the Old North Church and the famous ride of Paul Revere, it takes one's breath away. Boston's Unitarian Second Church was not the Old North, nor had the

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former anything to do with the exploit of Paul Revere. The so-called "Old North" is the Episcopal Christ Church, built in 1723. (THE REV.) DANIEL R. MAGRUDER St. John the Evangelist Hingham, Mass.

TIME erred. The Unitarian Second Church was once known as Old North as its congregation met in the Old North meetinghouse. But the Old North Church of Longfellow's poem is the Episcopal Christ Church.—Ed.

The Navigator

Sir:

Please accept our sincere gratitude for your July 2 tribute to our good friend Navigator Daws Trotman. The only thing we might add would be a comment on Daws's consistent, active interest in what he called "other works"—evangelical Christian groups spreading the Gospel message in other ways. He was a valued, active member of our Board of Directors, which otherwise is made up almost entirely of airmen.

CHARLES J. MELLIS JR.

Missionary Aviation Fellowship
Fullerton, Calif.

Peru's Pride

Sir:

In your May 7 issue you say: "Though outnumbered in an 1879-1883 war with Peru and Bolivia, they [the Chileans] easily grabbed the copper and nitrate riches of the rainless northern deserts." Between the Pacific Coast, where the war took place, and Bolivia's cities and population is the formidable barrier of the Andes, so that the Bolivians were geographically impeded from actively participating in this war. Peru was also engaged in an internal civil war, which made demands on the available manpower. So much for the outnumbering to which you refer. As to Chile having "easily grabbed the copper and nitrate riches," I wonder if there is not a contradiction in terms. If the war lasted four years, as you record, I do not know if the word "easily" applies.

MANUEL I. PRADO

New York City

Between the Faiths

Sir:

It is certainly impossible to reconcile the statements of the Very Rev. Francis J. Connell [July 9] with any of the teachings of Christ. His admonition in speaking of non-Catholics, "we must remember that their religion is false and that its practice is opposed to the commandment of Jesus Christ," displays an arrogant intolerance totally unsuited to this nation.

S. J. LEWIS JR.

Augusta, Ga.

Sir:

I am certain Father Connell must be a direct descendant of the priest or the Levite who "passed by" the man going down from Jerusalem to Jericho.

FRANK DAHM

Vonkers, N.Y.

Sir:

The Very Rev. Connell's comments on interfaith relations raise this earthshaking dilemma: while driving to Mass on a Sunday morning, I often drop off my (pardon the word) Protestant wife at the church of her choice. By such action am I aiding and abetting a great conspiracy against the Almighty? Or should I be on the safe side and let the poor misguided heathen walk?

JOHN G. BARRY

Baltimore

TIME

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TIME, JULY 30, 1956

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

WHETHER the news spins off high-
speed presses in Chicago or creaks
off a missionary's Mimeograph in an
African jungle, it is as essential to the
mind and spirit of men everywhere as
food is to their stomachs.

All over the world doughty little
publications are informing their com-
munities of the life around them, in
many cases converting the illiterate to
literacy in the process. One such jour-
nal turned up on my desk this week:
Issue No. 259 of the *Loma Weekly*,
a Mimeographed paper that serves the
natives of the mud-hut village of Wozzi
(estimated population: 250) in the
dense, equatorial rain forest of Liberia.
Reading it in New York, some 5,000
miles away, I found Wozzi's news lively,
to say the least.

Take, for example, the story called
"The Elephant Matter" (thoughtfully
translated from the Loma dialect by
the weekly's Editor Margaret D. Miller,
daughter of a Lutheran missionary):
"The women went to fish in a stream
and the elephants came after them.
They chased them the whole day long
... We who went to meet the women
were five. The elephants chased us too.
We had to climb a tree. One man,
whose name was Peiwala, took off his
shoes and left them under the tree. The
elephants took the shoes and spoiled them."

As this was an absorbing
story to me, so one of TIME's
recent articles evoked a certain
perplexity among the natives of
Loma. As Editor Miller tells it:
"TIME has brought news of the
world to our remote African
door. TIME articles have been
given recognition in our publi-
cation. For example, your very
newsworthy story about the
trade of rice for cement in
Burma (TIME, May 21) met
with stupendous lack of sym-
pathy in this rice-conscious,
rice-loving part of the world.
No Loma man would even con-
sider trading rice for cement."

The *Loma Weekly*, published
by the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wes-
ley Sadler of the Lutheran

mission in Monrovia, could not exist if
Dr. Sadler had not created a written
Loma language from the spoken dialect.
Now the tribesmen are becoming literate
in their own tongue, eventually will
move on to the study of English, the
country's official language.

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increased circulation of newspapers
throughout the world. We wanted to
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outdoor bathing place and ate it."

To the *Loma Weekly* and its counter-
parts in jungles, mountains and des-
erts the world over, who communicate
the news and whet the appetite for
knowledge in the face of overwhelming
obstacles and magazine-munching cows,
a respectful salute!

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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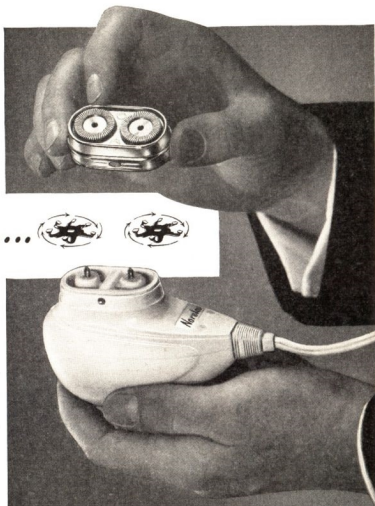
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Dramatic Gambit

On the broad chessboard of international diplomacy, the U.S. moved decisively last week in a gambit that took the breath of professionals for its daring and won the assent of kibitzers for its instinctive rightness. With an open show of sternness,



David Duncan—LIFE

EGYPT'S NASSER
"Yes," then regret.

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles advised Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser that the U.S. is no longer interested in building the \$1.3 billion Aswan High Dam.

In so doing, Dulles indicated to everyone around the board, neutrals, allies and Communists alike, that the U.S. remains unwavering by bold Communist boasts of matching the West in economic competition—in particular in the financing and building of the high dam on the Nile. And if neutrals want to dart and barter between the two, this will be a kind of "fearful risk" that they will have to worry about. They can no longer hope to seize the best of both worlds.

Dangling Offer. Seven months ago the U.S. offered Egypt a preliminary \$36 million loan to start construction at Aswan. Aided by Britain (\$14 million) and the World Bank (\$200 million), the U.S. was

willing to supply the major part of the capital to finish the mighty three-mile dam. But the offer was left dangling. Nasser, who had mortgaged \$200 million worth of cotton not yet planted as barter for Czechoslovakian weapons, occupied himself by recognizing Red China and by planning a trip to Moscow. And when Soviet Minister Dmitri Shepilov visited Cairo last month, Nasser's spokesman whispered that Russia had renewed its offer to finance the dam with a 20-year loan at 2%.

Such double-trading drew no cry of outrage from the U.S.—and no rush to offer still better terms. Early last week, in the face of this resounding U.S. silence, Egypt's "diplomatic sources" announced that Nasser had decided to let the West build his dam after all. Chubby Ambassador Ahmed Hussein rushed from Cairo to Washington to consummate the deal, emerged sadly from a 50-minute interview with Dulles.

So that there could be no misunderstanding of U.S. feeling, the President transferred able U.S. Ambassador Henry Byroade, who had been involved in the earlier offers to Nasser, to South Africa, replaced him by uncommitted Raymond A. Hare (see Foreign Relations). From London quickly came an official announcement that offers for the Anglo-Egyptian loan likewise were being canceled and private comments that Britain would not feel amiss if Nasser's debacle resulted in his downfall.

Sunbathed Neutrals. The Dulles decision won hearty approval in Congress, where cotton-state legislators are nervous about cotton-growing Egypt and where Zionist spokesmen have held Nasser to be the Middle East's arch-villain. The Senate Appropriations Committee earlier had been so bold as to "order" Dulles not to make the Aswan loan from Mutual Security funds. Dulles firmly resisted such an unconstitutional demand. But the whole argument became academic when Dulles decided, for foreign policy reasons, on his big no.

Carefully made and tactfully timed, the decision was announced as Nasser ended chats at sunbathed Brioni with co-Neutrals Tito and Nehru (see FOREIGN NEWS). Before making it, the U.S. considered carefully not only the effect on Nasser and neutrals, but on other Arab states, e.g., Saudi Arabia, where the U.S. is delicately negotiating for air-base rights at Dhahran. The probable effect: a feeling

among cabal-loving Arabs that Nasser deserved the consequences.

Fast Answer. At home most editorial writers were impressed, but they croaked a warning: the decision played squarely into Russian hands, gave the Soviet an opportunity to build the dam and a toe-hold in the Middle East. U.S. policymakers had thought most about this as-



Associated Press

STATE'S DULLES
"No," then "Nyet."

pect of the decision. There was strong doubt that the Communists could afford to build Aswan Dam. If they tried, the outlay would put further strain on relationships with restive, underfed and agitating satellites. Moreover, the risk of Soviet penetration was no greater than the risk of having Nasser go on with his fast-and-loose game in the precarious Middle East.

At week's end the Russians themselves provided an unexpectedly fast answer for the quinquins. In Moscow Foreign Minister Shepilov was asked if the Soviet would now rush in to make its loan to Egypt for the Aswan Dam. Said Shepilov: Russia is ready to help with industrialization projects. But, said he innocently, it had no intention of financing Aswan Dam. In a word, "nyet."

It was highly possible that Chessmaster Dulles already had his opponents in check.

THE PRESIDENCY

Convalescent Abroad

The morning sun was hot as President Eisenhower's *Columbine* touched down at Panama's Tocumen Airport. Firing borrowed U.S. Army guns, the *Guardia Nacional* boomed its 21-gun salute, the honor guard snapped to attention, and the band swung first to *The Star-Spangled Banner* and then Panama's *Himno Nacional*. The President of the U.S. stepped from his plane, was greeted warmly by Panama's President Ricardo Arias, dozens of military and diplomatic VIPs (including John Foster Dulles, who had arrived 13 minutes earlier). Ike, his collar size down to 15½ from 16, looked pale and tired after the seven-hour flight, although he had slept well in his airborne berth.

After the customary exchanges of welcome ("A great honor for me," said Ike. "I left here in 1924 after three years of wonderful service among a wonderful people"), Ike, Dulles and U.S. Ambassador Julian Fiske Harrington got into the President's black Lincoln (brought down by ship), which has a sliding rear panel in the top, headed for Panama City and the long-heralded meeting with 18 heads of Latin American states (see HEMISPHERE).

"Viva Eisenhower!" The route—like virtually everything else in the area, from doorways to rooftops—had been canvassed, scouted, cased and haunted by guards and secret-service agents of all the American republics, including a thorough, unobtrusive U.S. Secret Service detail headed by Spanish-speaking Agent John Campion. Ike rode a good part of the 17 miles standing up in the car, waving and smiling. As the 14-car cavalcade neared the outskirts of the city, the crowds got bigger. Bunched six-deep along the streets, the Panamanians shouted "Viva Eisenhower! Viva Eisenhower!"

Later, after a change to a beige tropical suit at his air-conditioned apartment in the U.S. ambassador's residence, Ike left with his brother Milton, Dulles, Adviser Sherman Adams, Dr. Howard Snyder and Press Secretary Jim Hagerty for the Presidencia (the presidential palace). Again, the crowds swarmed along the streets to see him and cheer in the 90° heat. When he arrived at the Presidencia, he paused for the inevitable photos, then went inside, took a heavy, carved-mahogany chair at a long table in the banquet hall. The main and strange order of business: formal exchange of autographs among the American Presidents, each one presenting to the others a folio of his country's postage stamps. Eisenhower was clearly tired; as the proceedings wore on, he clasped his hands tensely in front of him. Said one aide: "He's gotten more exercise today than any time since his operation. He'll feel it, too."

"I Haven't Much Strength." The afternoon of dignified salutations wore on. At the tomb of Panamanian President José Antonio Remón, who was assassinated 19 months ago, President Eisenhower laid a wreath, paused to chat with Remón's sis-

ter, Carmen Hortensia Remón, who asked about his health. Ike's reply quickly buzzed through the press corps in three different languages. "I am feeling fairly well," he said. "I haven't much strength, but I keep going."

As he was leaving the cemetery, the afternoon thundershower broke. For some strange reason, nobody replaced the canopy on his car, so the President, Harrington and Dulles got thoroughly soaked on the last three minutes of the ride back to the residence.

Tuckered Out. In the evening, refreshed by a rest and supper, Eisenhower set out again for the Presidencia and the



Associated Press

THE PRESIDENT IN PANAMA
Autographs, stamps and wild cheers.

big reception thrown by Panama's Arias. Milling through the brilliantly lit yellow chamber were hundreds of guests, the men in uniforms or white dinner jackets, the women resplendent in luxurious gowns and sparkling jewels. With his fellow Presidents, Ike received from his host a magnificent gold-and-white enamel necklace decorated with Indian designs, two stars and a miniature medal (see cut).

Soon thereafter President Arias took a sidewise look at Ike, tactfully suggested that the President of the U.S. skip the day's final event, a gala reception at the plush Union Club. Ike gratefully agreed, shortly slipped back to his apartment for a night's sleep, plainly tuckered out and no better for the day's wear. By next afternoon Eisenhower was feeling better. It was then that he got his biggest thrill. Driving to the El Panama hotel, where he was to participate in the signing of the Declaration of Panama, he was beset by the most

wildly cheering throng he had ever experienced, finally arrived at his destination—a short three miles away—in 32 minutes.

Before leaving for Panama last week, the President:

❑ Conferred with Treasury's George Humphrey, Commerce's Sinclair Weeks, Labor's James Mitchell, Economist Arthur Burns and Federal Mediator Joseph Finnegan on the steel strike, expressed concern over the delay in settlement (though he stuck to his decision to stay out of the case); at week's end steel and union scheduled new negotiations for this week.

❑ Vetted the \$2 billion military-construction bill because its wording tended to encroach upon the executive department (see below).

❑ Learned that British Ambassador to the U.S. Sir Roger Makins is to be recalled to London to become Permanent Secretary to the Treasury. Sir Roger's successor: the Foreign Office's Deputy Under Secretary Sir Harold Caccia, 50.

❑ Met daily with Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson, who briefed him on the nationwide Operation Alert. When the warning blasts sounded on Friday morning, Ike met with an "expanded" National Security Council, but later stuck to his deskwork as 10,000 federal employees and officials scooted out of town to secret emergency headquarters.

THE CONGRESS

The Tortoise & the Hare

With its five-minute rule and other time-saving parliamentary devices, the House of Representatives is a legislative hare, ordinarily loping far ahead of the tortoise-like Senate and its treasured prerogative of "unlimited debate." But last week, with the finish line near, the tortoise was ahead of the hare.

Hoping to adjourn by the end of this week, the House nonetheless indulged itself in the political pleasures of a week-long debate on a civil-rights bill that had long since been doomed. The House did manage to work constructively for about two minutes; the time it took to deal with a presidential veto. President Eisenhower had turned down the \$2.1 billion military construction bill for a good reason: it invaded the executive field by requiring the consent of congressional committees for Defense Department action on guided missile and military housing programs. The House approved a new version, with the objectionable clauses removed.

On the other side of the Capitol, the Senate moved steadily toward adjournment, whooping through 134 bills (nearly all of them minor) in one two-hour period. The Senate's big items concerned two politically loaded pieces of legislation. On one, the proposal for a federal dam in Hell's Canyon on the Idaho-Oregon border, the Democratic leadership took a whipping from the Administration. On the other, social-security expansion, the Democrats passed an Administration-opposed bill that will be useful this fall. In all, the tortoise was doing nicely.

Spitballs in the House

By the time the House had flailed its way into the third day of debate over the Administration's civil-rights bill last week, it was like a big classroom of spirited boys with teacher out sick and vacation only a few days off. Good-naturedly, the Southern Democrats exchanged verbal spitballs with Northern Republicans and Democrats while both sides talked on for the sake of the record. Everybody knew that the Southern bloc had delayed the bill[®] so long that it would never get by the Senate this session. So the proceedings went forward in a spirit of good, dirty, cynical fun.

Sex & Size. Somewhere in the byplay New Jersey's fat (330 lbs.), jolly T. James Tumulty was needed with the gentle observation that he straddles too many fences. "My dear man," replied Democrat Tumulty. "I am so large I could represent all sections." Twitted Pennsylvania's Republican Jim Fulton: "The gap between the front and back of this Democratic Party is just big enough for you to fill."

California Republican Gordon McDonough decided that the bill's specification on discrimination for reasons of "color, race, religion or national origin" should include "sex" as well (amendment adopted). Texas Democrat John Dowdy tried to add "people over 40" (amendment killed); Tumulty called for the inclusion of "size" (shouted down). Louisiana Democrat Edwin Willis wanted to strike out virtually the whole bill with his amendment (killed). Texas Democrat Martin Dies offered some restrictive rules of procedure for the civil-rights investigating commission (adopted).

Warning Fist. Even New York's Republican William E. Miller, who had sponsored the bill, tried to recommit it; he feared that Hitler had come to power by "decrees just like this legislation. In its present form it will destroy more civil liberties and civil rights than it protects." The Southerners greeted this with a standing ovation. Then Minority Leader Joe Martin, trembling, rushed down to the Speaker's well and shook a warning fist at his colleagues. "If you follow the Southern democracy in defeat of this bill," he intoned grimly, "you will regret it every day in the next election." Cracked cocksire Martin Dies: "Are you suggesting there is politics in this?"

There was indeed, and little else. At week's end both sides got together in an attempt to avoid an all-night session. The Southern generals, led by Virginia's Howard Smith, met with Joe Martin &



TUMULTY AT PLAY
Good, dirty, cynical fun.

Co., agreed to a limitation on debate. Both sides agreed that the bill would pass the House. But in return for ending their stalling tactics, the Southerners got Martin's promise to postpone a roll-call vote until early this week—just to make dead certain that the Senate would not have time to get to the bill.

Welfare in the Senate

The Senate chamber last week rang with a familiar Democratic cry: "Giveaway!" Democratic leaders were struggling to override the Federal Power Commission's decision (TIME, Aug. 15, 1955) to permit the Idaho Power Co. to build three small dams in the Hell's Canyon area of the Snake River. Before the Senate was a Democrat-sponsored bill to 1) order

the private development halted (Idaho Power has already begun work at Brownlee, plans to spend \$175 million), and 2) build a single, multipurpose, \$308 million federal dam in Hell's Canyon. Main reason for the all-out Democratic effort: egged on by National Chairman Paul Butler, the Senate Democrats hoped to pass the bill, draw an Eisenhower veto that would, in the power-conscious Northwest, help the campaigns of Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse and Washington's Senator Warren Magnuson.

The Administration's "giveaway" in Hell's Canyon, cried Senate Democrats, would "reverse 50 years of conservation policy." They complained bitterly of Administration pressures against their bill. "The White House," said Wyoming's Senator Joseph O'Mahoney, "is marshaling all the pressure it can" against the bill on the theory that "if the Hell's Canyon bill can be defeated, Wayne Morse can also be defeated." In the end, an almost solid phalanx of Republicans (exceptions: Wisconsin's Alex Wiley and North Dakota's Bill Langer), joined by eight conservative Southern Democrats, struck a blow for President Eisenhower's partnership policy of power development. They defeated the Democratic bill, 51 to 41. Mourned Oregon's Morse: "A tragic blow to the welfare of the nation"—not to mention to the welfare of Wayne Morse.

Even so, it was a big Senate week for welfare. Said Elder Democrat Walter George in an emotion-packed Senate valedictory: "This is the most important question I have ever presented to the American people." George's question was whether the Senate should, in addition to extending basic social-security coverage to 200,000 self-employed people, follow the House in reducing women's retirement eligibility from 65 to 62 and provide benefits to disabled 50-year-olds. The Administration's answer was an emphatic no.

Against Walter George's oratory, his old friend, Virginia's Harry Byrd, presented statistical arguments; e.g., the new disability benefits would cost \$850 million the first year. But the Senate had in mind another set of statistics: the votes of 250,000 disabled persons and 800,000 women (to say nothing of wage-earning relatives) who would benefit by the new program. The Senate approved the Democratic amendments for the disabled (47 to 45) and for the ladies (86 to 7). Final vote on the bill: 90 to 0. Confronted by such unanimity, President Eisenhower would think twice about a veto.

Other Work Done

In other work last week, the Senate:
 ¶ Passed, by voice vote, an Administration-backed bill to simplify import duties, replacing a confusing two-value assessment system with a system of duties based on the price a U.S. importer pays for foreign merchandise. The customs simplification bill, first major foreign-trade measure passed this session, now goes to House-Senate conference.
 ¶ Confirmed, by 64 (37 Democrats, 27



® Which would 1) establish a six-man bipartisan commission on civil rights to serve for two years, then file recommendations; 2) create a civil-rights division in the Department of Justice, headed by a new Assistant Attorney General; 3) permit civil suits to be filed in federal courts against violators of civil-rights guarantees; 4) authorize the Federal Government to take legal action—even in the absence of a complaint—to guarantee voting privileges.

Walter Bennett
HAREUnited Press
ALLENWalter Bennett
BYROADE

WAILES

For a strong hand, old hands.

Republicans) to 22 (6 Democrats, 16 Republicans) President Eisenhower's nomination of liberal Republican Paul Hoffman, Marshall Plan administrator and now chairman of Studebaker-Packard (see BUSINESS) and of the Fund for the Republic, as one of five U.S. delegates to the U.N. General Assembly. The vote was preceded by a bitter battle in which Hoffman was attacked by the little three—New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy, Indiana's William Jenner—for having associated with "questionable" characters, praised by Oklahoma's Mike Monroney as an "outstanding advocate of democracy." Ike's four other nominees—California's Bill Knowland, Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey, U.N. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., and Red Cross President Ellsworth Bunker were approved unanimously.

¶ Confirmed, by 64-19 (4 Republicans, 15 Southern Democrats), Ike's year-old nomination of Solicitor-General Simon E. Sobeloff (TIME, July 9) to the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals. In a last-ditch action, Southerners charged in eight hours of debate that Sobeloff, who argued the Federal Government's position on ways to implement school desegregation, would be "offensive" to the Maryland-to-South Carolina belt comprising the Fourth Circuit. At week's end, Sobeloff was sworn in as a federal judge.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Shifting Diplomats

In a major diplomatic reshuffle last week, the U.S. tapped two top-ranking State Department officers to strengthen its hand in the troubled eastern Mediterranean, reassigned four ambassadors-in-being to make room for the shifts. The changes:

Athens. Replacing Cavendish Cannon, named first U.S. ambassador to Morocco (TIME, July 23): George Venable Allen, 52, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern, South Asian and African Affairs. Troubleshot Allen, onetime North Carolina schoolteacher and newspaper reporter (Asheville Times), longtime (26 years) Foreign Service officer, has had delicate assignments before—as ambassador in Iran (1946-48) when the West success-

fully pressed the Soviets to withdraw from Azerbaijan, in Belgrade in 1949, after Tito had been kicked out of the Cominform and was looking to the West for aid. His present mission: to make a new stab at reducing tensions between NATO partners Greece and Turkey over Cyprus, to dampen neutralist swings in Greece.

Cairo. Replacing Henry A. Byroade in precarious Nasser-land: Raymond Arthur Hare, 55, Director General of the Foreign Service since 1954, an old Mid-East specialist with embassy service in Beirut, Teheran, Cairo and Jidda in the 1930s and '40s, as ambassador to Saudi Arabia and Lebanon in 1950 and '53. Dapper Ray Hare, who looks like Ronald Colman, has a profound knowledge of Arab society and economic life, but no previous ties with Nasser, hence symbolizes a fresh, new era of U.S.-Egyptian policy.

Pretoria. Replacing Tom Wailes in the Union of South Africa: Henry A. Byroade, 43, West Pointer ('37), Army brigadier general at 33, with the State Department since 1949, where he served as Assistant Secretary for Near East, South Asia and Africa before his appointment to Cairo. Straight-shooting, cheerful Hank Byroade advised against the new U.S. "get tough" line with Egypt, was shifted to make clear the switch in U.S.-Nasser policy.

Budapest. Replacing Christian Ravndal in Hungary: Edward Thompson Wailes, 53, Foreign Service officer since 1929 and the department's Assistant Secretary for Personnel and Administration before going to troubled, racist South Africa. Tall, balding Tom Wailes, a specialist on Europe, will report on a Communist satellite that appears to be in considerable ideological ferment.

Quito. Scheduled for reassignment to Ecuador, where the post is open: Christian Magelssen Ravndal, 57, born in Syria, son of a U.S. diplomat, in the Foreign Service since 1920, with duty in Germany, Canada, Sweden, Latin America. Big, rumpled Chris Ravndal, whose great forte is public relations—he likes to get out into the back country and put across the U.S. point of view—served his first ambassadorial assignment in Uruguay, is

an authority on Latin American affairs.

All the shifts left the State Department abuzz at week's end with one big unanswered question: Who replaces Allen as Assistant Secretary for the Near East?

LABOR

Death on the Vine

With a great flurry the A.F.L. ousted the racket-ridden International Longshoremen's Association in 1953, then set out to sweep the New York docks with its own substitute, the International Brotherhood of Longshoremen. Twice the I.B.L. exerted full and expensive (more than a million dollars) efforts in bargaining elections, lost out to the entrenched I.L.A.

Last week the word went round the docks that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. had decided to let the reform I.B.L. die on the vine. Reason: the firmly dug-in I.L.A. workers are making better money these days under more stabilized working conditions, provided by the New York Harbor Waterfront Commission, would almost certainly win again in an election this year.

DEFENSE

Reason for Change

In Britain, military and political leaders are openly discussing drastic readjustments in the armed forces based on the new weaponry, e.g., possible abolition of the Royal Air Force Fighter Command as the day of missiles draws closer (see FOREIGN NEWS). In the U.S. a whiff of a plan formulated by Chairman Arthur Radford of the Joint Chiefs to cut the U.S. armed forces by 800,000 men over the next four years caused a press uproar last fortnight (TIME, July 23). In the absence of open Pentagon discussion, U.S. moves in Britain's direction were best visible last week as straws in the wind. The straws:

¶ The Defense Department announced that effective next July the U.S. Far East Command, in Tokyo since General Douglas MacArthur's day, will be absorbed by the Navy's Pacific Fleet commander, Admiral Felix Stump, based in the Hawaiian Islands.

¶ The United Nations Far East Command, under the Army's General Lyman

THE MISSILE STANDOFF

War Without Profit Promises a New Epoch

BEHIND the grimly serious interservice war that flares sporadically through the Pentagon is the fact of swiftly changing weaponry that makes cherished service concepts obsolete almost as fast as they are worked out. The changing military concepts, in turn, bring strong pressure for reassessment of U.S. foreign policy; e.g., if the U.S. plans to counter future aggression with atomic attack, how many troops should it keep in Europe and Asia? But while the Defense and State departments work to keep up with these changes, surprisingly little thought has been given to an epochal event in weaponry that will most certainly confront the world in four to six years. The event: a standoff between the U.S. and the Soviet Union in intercontinental ballistic missiles—a change that will not only wrench every concept of defense but will permeate every aspect of international diplomacy as well.

The basis of today's military and political considerations is the chance of an atomic Pearl Harbor. Conceivably, Russia's leaders might still bet their lives on the possibility that a surprise hydrogen attack with strategic bombers could wipe out effective U.S. retaliatory power before U.S. planes could leave the ground. The gamble would be desperate, but the Strategic Air Command's General Curtis LeMay recently warned Congress that it might—conceivably—pay off. In short, today's fear of atomic war stems from the fact that the aggressor still has an outside chance to profit from attack.

The ICBM will end all hope for such aggression, however devastating, without sure and deadly retaliation. Thus, for the first time in human history, all chance of profit will be gone from all-out aggression.

Death Valley & Keokuk. The offensive potential of the ICBM is starkly clear. Traveling at 15,000-m.p.h., arching as high as 800 miles above the earth, armed with hydrogen warheads, Russian missiles might, within 30 minutes after their launching, rain ruin on U.S. cities, cause millions of casualties, raze the U.S. industrial plant.

But with its own ICBM, the U.S.—no matter how hard hit—could still strike back with equal ferocity. Engineers say the ICBM can be hidden away in underground tubes (see cut) safely out of reach of the enemy's ICBM. And dummy missile sites could be scattered around by the hundreds to

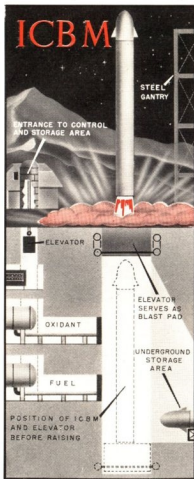
draw enemy fire. The dispersive possibilities of the ICBM are overwhelming: the pressure of a single finger upon a master panel in an underground stronghold would be enough to raise the fiery spume of pre-aimed ICBMs from launching pads in the Death Valley wasteland and a Rocky Mountain fastness, from the arctic icecaps

kind—and all the equations of military and international relationships would be changed.

War & Peace. Some U.S. military leaders, especially in Army circles, argue that wars would then be conducted with "conventional" weapons in the style and on the scale of World War II. Others contend that there would be open season on brush wars of Korea's size and shape, with limited use of the tactical atomic bomb. Pundit Walter Lippmann suggests that guerrilla warfare might become the only thinkable type of conflict. Another possibility: since no nation could be expected to submit to ultimate defeat through the attrition of a series of limited wars, the tendency would be for such wars to expand until the imperiled nation, in desperation, finally pushes its ICBM button. With that risk involved, even the smallest war in its ultimate consequences could become too hazardous for the undertaking. The form of war might therefore shift entirely to economic, social, political and ideological conflict.

Because of its military potential, ICBM will rewrite all the rules of foreign relations. With ICBM firepower, huge armies will become obsolete. The nature of alliances will be changed; even now, the idea of expanding NATO from a purely military shield into a working community of political and economic interests is being discussed. Barring some new kind of economic or political magnetism, neutralism will become an even greater factor because of the risk of military involvement with either of the ICBM-armed powers. Certainly, statesmen will be able to approach the labyrinthine problems of disarmament from a new basis, once all profit is gone from world war.

The history of the club and the longbow and the musket teaches that the ICBM will probably not be the "ultimate" weapon in the sense that no defense can ever be developed against it. But there will doubtless be a period of years, perhaps decades, when the ICBM stands as the supreme, unstoppable weapon. Should the missile standoff burst upon a world unprepared to think about the new meanings, the ICBM could cause explosive political tensions that might even trigger the missile itself. What is important, then, is for the U.S. to approach the age of the ICBM with some hard thinking about its meaning.



and the barnyard of a farmer near Keokuk, Iowa. The button need not be pushed by one of General LeMay's military experts; it might as easily be pressed by one surviving mechanic.

Thus, an ICBM Pearl Harbor attack could bring only devastating ICBM retaliation. Under such circumstances, full-scale aggression could not be considered by the rational mind. The ICBM could therefore stand as the greatest possible deterrent to all-out war, the full defense against its own

L. Lemnitzer, will be moved from Tokyo to Seoul.

¶ The U.S. Far East Air Force moved its headquarters from downtown Tokyo, where its presence has irritated Japanese, to an Air Force base in suburban Fuchu.

¶ Effective Sept. 1, the U.S. Northeast Command in Newfoundland will be eliminated, with its responsibilities assigned to the U.S. Continental Air Command.

¶ State Secretary John Foster Dulles expressed hope that U.S. manpower in Western Europe might ultimately be scaled down from previous estimates "as there develops a greater capacity to deliver weapons from a distance."

POLITICAL NOTES

Into Line

While Democrats from A (for Alabama) to V (for Virgin Islands) last week began translating the national convention into terms of Chicago timetables and hotel reservations, eleventh-hour state conventions and committee meetings assayed candidates and took preconvention stands.

NEW JERSEY. Delegates heard appeals by Candidates Averell Harriman and Estes Kefauver and by Adlai Stevenson's campaign manager, Jim Finnegan, but elected to go to the convention uncommitted. Though the group is heavily pro-Stevenson, leaders will plump for the delegation's chairman, Governor Robert B. Meyner, as a first-ballot favorite son.

OHIO. The 58-vote delegation decided against the unit rule, although almost all votes are controlled on the first ballot by Governor Frank Lausche, who will be nominated for President by Gubernatorial Hopeful Mike Di Salle. In a preconvention hedge, Lausche's aides prepared to welcome Harriman campaigners into Ohio this week, listen respectfully to talk about a Harriman-Lausche ticket.

MISSISSIPPI. Despite the stifling heat in Jackson's city auditorium, Governor James Plemon Coleman quickly whipped the state convention into line, eased a Coleman majority into the 44-man unit-rule delegation. He thus headed off the rebels who wanted to make third-party noises before the convention and left himself free to bargain in Chicago for the loosest civil-rights plank he can get.

ARKANSAS. The State Committee picked a 26-vote delegation, immediately imposed a unit rule. Although there are Symington, Harriman and Kefauver admirers among the delegates, Arkansas should go for Stevenson on the first ballot, will campaign for Arkansas Senator William Fulbright for Vice President.

COLORADO. The state convention met to hear speeches by Stevenson, Kefauver and Harriman, and to pick an uninstructed 20-vote delegation which leans strongly to Adlai. Harry Truman's Agriculture Secretary Charles Brannan and ex-Congressman John Carroll got approval to fight it out for the Democratic senatorial nomination in a Sept. 11 primary. The winner will square off against ailing Republican Eugene Millikin in November.

ILLINOIS

Hodge Dislodged

In Illinois last week sign painters were at work expunging the words ELECT ORVILLE E. HODGE, YOUR REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE AUDITOR from a state Republican Party campaign billboard on a main road outside Springfield. In Springfield and Chicago, as the state budgetary commission began a thorough investigation of the state auditor's office, two grand juries, G-men, Internal Revenue men and representatives of half a dozen other county, state and federal agencies were interrogating witnesses, sifting evidence, and painstakingly piecing together a mosaic of one of the biggest financial scandals in Illinois history.

For free-spending Orville Enoch Hodge,



EX-AUDITOR HODGE (UNDER ARREST)
For Illinois, "normal" routine.

51, state auditor since 1952 and a comer in Illinois Republican politics, erasure had begun a fortnight before. It began when the Chicago *Daily News* broke the story of high-echelon finagling in the auditor's office (TIME, July 23). Reported the *News*, and other papers that gleefully waded in: 1) more than \$500,000 in warrants (state checks) was missing from the auditor's office, and 2) more than \$200,000 in suspicious state checks—some of them made out to men who denied ever having seen them—had been cashed on Hodge's signature by Chicago's Southmoor Bank. For days Hodge held firm, resisted Republican Governor William Stratton's efforts to get him to resign, and kept his mouth shut. Then Southmoor Bank's President Edward H. Hintz, who had suddenly quit his job, pointed his finger directly at his longtime crony, Hodge, for the benefit of the Chicago *Tribune*.

Easy Money. The deal, said Banker Hintz, worked thus: every once in a while Hodge would call up to say that Edward Epping, his office manager, was coming over with a bunch of state checks. "I would say, 'Is everything all right?'

and Orv would say, 'Don't worry about a thing.' Epping would then appear, cash the checks and take away some cash, leaving the rest in a brown envelope marked "Hodge." Ed Hintz, describing himself as "stupid but honest," said he never took a dime for his services, had gone along out of "friendship" and because he thought Hodge's dodge was "normal" among Illinois politicians.

With this development, Orville Hodge caved. Quitting as state auditor, candidate for re-election, and delegate to the G.O.P. national convention, he reportedly told Governor Stratton: "I just don't know why I did it. I didn't need the money." Epping, his office manager, was fired. All week, as news reports put the total haul at more than \$1,000,000, Hodge, Epping and Banker Hintz were questioned by county and federal attorneys. The result was a jurisdictional tangle between Springfield and the federal over who would get the first indictments.

Tough Straits. Chicago's U.S. Attorney Robert Ticken won out, produced Hintz, Hodge and Epping before a federal grand jury investigating the Southmoor Bank angle of the case (the bank's deposits are federally insured). After the three had testified, the jury handed down a 54-count indictment charging them with conspiracy in mispaying \$875,677.72 in bank funds, with intent to defraud. Maximum penalty on any one count: five years' imprisonment and \$10,000 fine. Even that was not all. At week's end State's Attorney George P. Coutrakon ordered Hodge arrested for embezzlement, Epping for conspiracy. After fingerprinting, the two were released on bail. Hintz, for whom a warrant was also issued, was expected to surrender.

Shocked by the fast-breaking scandal, Governor Stratton stoutly maintained that the Illinois G.O.P. "can restore confidence and go on to win" in November. But Stratton and other leaders of his administration who are seeking re-election are plainly in tough political straits over exposure of wholesale corruption in the official family.

ARMED FORCES

The Trial of Sergeant McKeon

In the desperate heat of the crowded South Carolina school auditorium, Staff Sergeant Matthew C. McKeon, U.S.M.C., seemed as cool and unmoving as a glacier. Under the glare of publicity unknown in a U.S. court-martial since Billy Mitchell's day, he sat silent among his seven whispering, paper-rustling defense lawyers. His bony hands were clasped, his gaunt face was impassive. To the right, in a jury box, were the seven members of the court-martial, six Marine officers and a Navy doctor. On the dais in front, the court's law officer, Navy Captain Irving Klein, surveyed the room through gold-rimmed spectacles, smiled fleetingly, nodded and said gently: "Proceed."

Thus at the U.S. Marine Corps Recruit Depot on Parris Island, S.C. last week began the court-martial of Matt McKeon

(rhymes with hewn). In a larger sense, it was the trial of the Marine Corps and the training methods by which it has turned generations of soft, shuffling boys into hard, disciplined fighting men.

Without Apology. Last spring, as a junior drill instructor, Matt McKeon led Recruit Platoon 71 on a night disciplinary march into the tidal waters of Ribbon Creek, where six boots were drowned (Time, April 23). McKeon was charged with drinking in the barracks beforehand, with "oppression" of the platoon, and with culpable negligence in the six deaths. Maximum penalty for conviction on all counts: six years in prison and a dishonorable discharge.

The strategies of defense and prosecu-

tion soon became clear; both were painful to the proud Marine Corps. The defense was led by tireless, flamboyant Manhattan Trial Lawyer Emile Zola Berman,* 53, a World War II Army Air Force intelligence officer (Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star), who took the case without pay, on the urging of a committee of New York lawyers and judges that rallied to help McKeon. Berman, with his three civilian and three military aides, set about trying to prove that training marches into Parris Island tidal swamps were common practice—and that the toughness and spirit of the Marine Corps are based on such disciplinary techniques. "Sergeant McKeon," rasped Berman in his nerve-pinching voice, "was a dedicated member of the Corps. He wasn't acting out of sadistic pleasure, but was trying to accomplish [the Corps'] purpose—to make Marines. These methods require no apology, either by the Marines or Sergeant McKeon."



McKEON & LAWYER BERMAN; THE COURT RETURNS FROM RIBBON CREEK

For the proud Corps, deep-rooted pain.

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On radio and television Berman pleaded

with Marines, past and present, to come forth with testimony about their own experiences in the Parris Island boondocks. Within minutes the Parris Island switchboard was alight; ten operators went on special duty; by the next night 300 telephone calls and 300 telegrams had been received. In the courtroom, Berman demanded—and won—the right to inspect the answers to a questionnaire on training practices sent out by the Corps after the Parris Island tragedy. The overwhelming verdict of the 27,000 Marines polled: tough training should not only be continued, but in some cases intensified.

Without Authority. Against Berman

was pitted Marine Major Charles Sevier, 35, the chief prosecuting officer, a veteran

of Saipan, Tinian and Okinawa, who describes himself as "a plain, unspectacular guy trying to do a job." Sevier's case: Drill Instructor McKeon was not authorized to take Platoon 71 into the marshes; his action was therefore criminal, and the fact that he had been drinking made it worse. Said Sevier to newsmen: "I have the greatest sympathy for D.I.s. They have a terribly tough job. But damn it, we try to maintain excellent discipline without brutality."

Ploddingly, patiently, Sevier stitched his case together. Marine training regulations were entered in the record. A witness recited the tide tables. The court made a trip to the scene of the Ribbon Creek tragedy; Sergeant McKeon stood with his judges on the grassy bank, and stared expressionless into the dark water. Back in the steaming auditorium, survivors of Platoon 71 told of the death march. When he first joined Platoon 71, Private Earl Grabowski, 18, had been known as a crybaby; now, with manful calm, he told of the march, sparing neither McKeon, the platoon nor the Marine Corps. Said Grabowski: "We knew that McKeon was serious, that he was trying

to teach us discipline." Asked Berman, on cross-examination: "Would you say that Platoon 71 had good discipline?" Replied Grabowski: "No sir."

Here or Hereafter? On the question of discipline, Staff Sergeant Edward Huff, a weathery, leathery Marine who was senior drill instructor over McKeon, agreed with Grabowski.* Huff said he had been dissatisfied with the platoon and has threatened its members: "If you don't snap out of your hocky, I'll take you down to the swamps." Huff said he had every intention of doing just that, but "I had a training schedule and I didn't have time." McKeon, said Huff, was an outstanding D.I. "He done his work, he done it well, and he never seemed to complain.

By my figuring, he worked 132 hours a week. A good man."

During one of the court-martial intermissions, McKeon, in the hallway, walked up to a plain, sad-faced little woman. She was Mrs. Maggie Meeks of Savannah, mother of one of the drowned boots. "Hello, Ma'am," said McKeon stiffly. "Your son was one of the finest boys in my platoon, and I am terribly sorry this all happened." Replied Mrs. Meek: "The Lord says don't hate nobody. If you're guilty, you will be punished." Replied McKeon: "If I'm guilty, I would rather be punished here than in the hereafter." Tears came to his eyes. Then he braced himself, disciplined his emotion, set his face sternly. He returned to the auditorium and to the scene of his trial.

By week's end the legal foundations were barely laid. Yet a curious change of

* Another index of discipline: of Platoon 71's 68 survivors, 63 were sent from Camp Lejeune to Parris Island for possible use as witnesses in the court-martial. Of these, two promptly went over the hill. Of the five not at Parris Island, one is in the hospital, one is AWOL, one has deserted, one is being held for commanding officer's punishment, one is in the brig.

* So named by his mother because she admired the French novelist's famed defense of Alfred Dreyfus.

attitude had already rolled over most of the 50-odd correspondents who crowded into Parris Island to report the trial. Thanks partly to the shrewd showmanship of Emile Zola Berman, but thanks mostly to the cool, silent, uncomplaining demeanor of Matthew McKeon, those who had come to see the sergeant strung up for what he had done began, instead, to sense that this man was another argument. It was an argument that went to the roots of the Marine Corps, that involved not only one Marine but the other 200,000 beside him—and the unnumbered shaven-headed boots yet to come.

Join the Navy & See Naples

In Naples, in the late weekday afternoon, a strange neo-Neapolitan procession suddenly throbs to life. Hundreds of American cars, driven by buoyant, carefree American Navy men or their wives, begin

in the salt-hardened souls of Navy men on all the ships at sea.

See to Land. It all began in 1951, when a few Navy ships dropped anchor in the lovely Bay of Naples. Object: to form the American headquarters for NATO South, which in wartime would command the allied fighting forces of southern Europe but in peacetime would have virtually nothing to do (since each NATO country exercises direct command of its own forces). Soon Navy wives and children also dropped anchor in Naples, began appearing on shipboard at mealtime. NATO South's skipper, Admiral Robert Bostwick Carney, decided that the families were rocking the boat, shifted his headquarters to dry land.

To provide necessary service facilities for personnel and their dependents, the Navy set up a modest housekeeping unit of about 45 officers and men. They too



U.S. Navy

NAVY REST & RECREATION CENTER NEAR NAPLES
Service facilities to service personnel in other facilities.

their winding way through the ancient streets, far out to rented country villas or to the shiny new apartment buildings that crown the surrounding hills. Soon the flowered apartment terraces ring with the pleasant tinkle of ice cubes and buzz to the languid chitchat of the cocktail hour.

Another day of duty has come gently to a close for a big contingent of U.S. servicemen stationed in the Naples area. These forces have no arms, no combat equipment, no tactical function. From their balconies they sometimes see the visiting warships of the U.S. Sixth Fleet at their moorings in the broad, blue Bay of Naples. But Naples is not the Sixth Fleet's base. It is the home of NATO South, a paper command manned by a relative handful of officers and enlisted men whose presence has spawned a fabulous aggregation of 6,000 men, women and children, their dogs, cats, cars and TV sets—perhaps the world's most striking example of the peacetime American Way overseas, and certainly a posh assignment that burns

brought their wives, families and household pets with them. Modern technology being a complex thing, service facilities were broadened, more personnel were added to provide additional service facilities to service personnel in the other service facilities. Result: 1) more service facilities, 2) more personnel.

By last week NATO South command listed 692 U.S. officers and men, who were provided "logistic support" (carbon paper, groceries, Kleenex, cigarettes, household appliances, etc., etc.) by 2,103 military and 534 civilian aides in town, supporting a resounding total of 3,166 wives and children. What do they all do? Explained one Navyman: "All those people take in each other's washing."

"Washday" begins when the men of CSCN/CHSA* and lesser U.S. commands

* The abbreviation for COMSUBCOMNEM/COMHEDSUPACT, or, to wit, in full style, Commander, Subordinate Command, U.S. Naval Forces Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, Commander, Headquarters Support Activities.

leave for work either in their own cars (2,487) or on any of the five Navy-run bus lines. Wives hustle the children off (on any of eight Navy-run school bus lines) to the world's largest Navy-operated dependents' school (1,000 pupils), then go around to shop in a cut-rate hangar-sized commissary (stocking electrical appliances, rock-'n'-roll records and quick-frozen Little Bo Pizzas shipped from the U.S.), or in any of the seven handy branch stores (total 1955 sales: \$4,100,000). On the way home, they can stop for Scotch or bonded bourbon (\$1.20 a fifth) at a Navy-run liquor store.

Sun to Slots. In compliance with a recent order that sternly took note of the need for proper relaxation and health (Instruction 1050-2, 18 May, 1956: "Personnel are encouraged to take an occasional morning or afternoon off"), the families disport themselves on dozens of tennis, badminton, basketball and handball courts, attend the movies (25¢), soak up the sun at a private Mediterranean beach or at a new "rest and recreation" center (112-bed hotel, miniature golf, boating, roof garden, dancing). They are treated (no charge) at an ultramodern Navy hospital. For the ambitious (only 90¢), there are Navy-supplied Italian-language lessons; for stay-at-homes, TV (stateside sets are converted for Italian reception and maintained by a full-time crew of four).

When Naples bores, families take excursion trips to Capri or ten-day, low-cost sightseeing trips aboard Navy transports (Athens, Istanbul, Izmir, Alexandria and Tripoli: \$26 apiece). For the social-minded, the officers' club offers pleasant surroundings, inexpensive drinks, slot machines (circumventing U.S. rules against gambling by welcoming allied comrades and designating the slot-machine areas as the "NATO rooms"). Naples, says the specially prepared Navy handbook for armed forces personnel, "can be a very rewarding experience."

Bross Thoughts. Accordingly, the saddest man in Naples is the one with orders home. Says one: "The Italians say, 'See Naples and die.' For a bachelor American, believe me, it's true." Added another rueful officer, who pays two housemaids a total of \$50 a month: "My wife won't be worth shooting when she gets home." The re-enlistment rate at Naples has understandably soared to 66% (v. 30% throughout the Navy).

Last week the prospects for more re-enlistments were as solid as brass. "You got to think big," said one imaginative Navyman whose job is big-thinking. Some of the thoughts: a new nine-hole golf course, another resort hotel, enlargement of the dependents' school, new high school, newspaper, modernistic shopping center with new commissary, clothing store, other shops, perhaps an automotive center (to save time-consuming trips to West Germany for spare parts). Naturally, such expanded services will require additional personnel. Naples is no ship—there is plenty of room.

FOREIGN NEWS

DIPLOMACY

Accentuating the Negative

For India's Jawaharlal Nehru and his doctrine of active neutrality, the week started off brightly indeed. Fresh from the Commonwealth Prime Ministers meeting in London, Nehru moved triumphantly across Europe in what at times resembled a royal progress, wearing his familiar brown tunic, white *churidar* trousers and the inevitable red rose. Consulted at every turn with much the mixture of deference and bewilderment once accorded the Delphic oracle, the Indian Prime Minister reacted with a purr of self-satisfaction so audible that in Hamburg (where he accepted two honorary degrees) he felt obliged to explain, "When people ask me why I am so pleased with myself," said he, "I tell them: because I have always done exactly what I wanted to regardless of consequences."

Talking about the foreign affairs of others was in fact ideal for this purpose: Nehru could say exactly what he wanted, and the consequences were the responsibility of the others. In Bonn German Foreign Ministry officials persuaded flinty old West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer to be obliging to Nehru, though the Chancellor scorns Nehru's way of thinking. Adenauer even went so far as to break his no-Sunday-engagements rule in order to take Nehru on a cruise up the castled Rhine. They met three times for four hours, and both stubborn men had the honesty not to feign a friendship they did not feel. When newsmen asked the Indian Prime Minister whether he accepted Bonn as the only legitimate German government, he made a characteristically Delphic response: "You want me to plunge headlong into the sea before I learn to swim." Nor was Nehru prepared to give any assurance that India would not some day recognize Communist East Germany. "I do not know what future developments will bring," said he.

Plugs & Pressures. Chary as he was of words that might commit him, Nehru was as usual generous with advice. In Bonn he urged his West German hosts to seek reunification of Germany by "peaceful negotiations." In a speech before the German Foreign Policy Association at Königs-winter he put in a vague plug for liberation of Russia's East European satellites ("They are, of course, under a certain domination . . . and I certainly believe they should be free") and a firm one for Red China's admission to the U.N. ("What is the good of calling a few people sitting on Formosa China?"). Then, moving on to Paris, he strongly pressured French Premier Guy Mollet to negotiate a cease-fire in Algeria. But when pressed for specific suggestions, Nehru retreated to Delphi. "I am Foreign Minister of India, not France or Algeria," he said.

At midweek Nehru joined Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito and Egypt's President Nas-

ser at Tito's pleasure dome on the Adriatic island of Brioni. Here, where the ancient galleys and triremes of Rome once anchored, and at a later date Mussolini played, were gathered three unlikely bed-fellows, THE MOST IMPORTANT POLITICAL CONFERENCE OF THE POSTWAR WORLD headlined Cairo's *Al Akhram*. "These three peace men," said the captive Egyptian press, would bring sanity to a mad world, and in this meeting of Europe, Asia and Africa would create a "Third World Force." Tito too basked in the splendor of the moment.

But Jawaharlal Nehru would have none of it. Even before he reached Brioni Nehru began to bill the conference as a casual meeting, arranged only after he learned that by rare coincidence "Nasser also

the communiqué carried little but vague platitudes of a pronounced Nehruian cast. "Points on which there could be no agreement were just left out," explained one Indian diplomat. Tito, in halting English, bade his guests goodbye. "Come soon back," he said.

Problem for a Nurse. On the last day of the Brioni conference the U.S., in an astutely timed move to discourage the spread of neutralism, coldly withdrew its offer to help Egypt finance construction of the billion-dollar Aswan High Dam (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Flying off to Cairo with the bruised Nasser, Nehru, the high priest of neutralism, found himself at week's end playing nurse to a new and noisy member of the family. It was doubtful, however, that Nurse Nehru could



Hans Hubmann—Black Star

NASSER, TITO & NEHRU AT BRIONI
For the man from Delhi, a retreat to Delphi.

would be traveling in Yugoslavia." And from the moment that Tito, resplendent in a panama, white linen suit, white shoes and black pocket handkerchief, greeted him on Brioni's quay, Nehru was clearly determined to let the wind out of the whole affair. At the end of the first five-hour session, with Tito and Nasser standing sheepishly silent, Nehru wearily chided the 120 newsmen who had assembled to cover neutralism's shining hour. "It is really extraordinary," said he, "that we cannot meet in a friendly way without you gentlemen attaching the highest importance to it . . . We have not settled all the world's problems. Repeat not."

This statement was thoroughly confirmed by the joint communiqué issued when the conference ended. With the exception of another demand for Red China's admission to the U.N., a cautiously worded expression of sympathy for "the desire of the people of Algeria for freedom," and a kind word for "safeguarding legitimate economic interests" in the Middle East,

offer 38-year-old Nasser much in the way of consolation or even advice.

The difficulty with the diplomatic doctrine that Nehru likes to call "nonalignment" is that it has no philosophic basis, no platform; it can only respond. Since the positive objectives of its adherents vary widely, neutralist powers, as Brioni proved, are rarely able to agree on anything but negatives.

INDIA

The Uncertain Bellwether

(See Cover)

In a Paris hotel one sunny morning in 1926, a serious-minded young Hindu aristocrat took upon himself a delicate task. Resolutely he squared his slim shoulders and summoned out onto the balcony his younger sister, a lively 19-year-old who, under his watchful eye, was getting her first taste of life in Europe. "Darling," he began, "you go out alone with a lot of young men. That is as it should be, but

I hope you know all about everything—er, you know, er—I suppose every girl must know, dash it all."

Politely, but in some confusion, the young man's sister informed him that she had no idea what he was talking about. "But don't you understand," he persisted, "that when a girl goes out with a boy alone anything might happen?"

"What could happen?" asked the girl.

At this the young man lost his temper. "You are exceedingly stupid," he snapped. "If you don't know what I mean, well, let us leave it at that and trust to God that nothing happens."

Compulsive Adviser. In the 30 years since that day in Paris, nothing has shaken

ready one of the world's pivotal powers, important less for demonstrated strength or wisdom or stability than as a bellwether, however uncertain of place and leadership, for the rest of Asia.

In Asia today there are 13 new nations, with a population of 635 million, which have won their independence during and since World War II.* Against heavy odds they are desperately intent on gaining that other fundamental element of modern power—an up-to-date industrial economy. Obsessed by the desire to change from their primitive agricultural present, Asians are powerfully attracted by the example of the U.S.S.R., which since 1917 has transformed itself from a nation of peas-

role of bellwether. He grows furious when Western powers ("these people who try to run Asia without us") refuse to accept India's judgment as the final word on Asian problems. And under his leadership India has become a Mecca for the increasing number of Asian nations whose foreign policies rest on the twin foundations of "anticolonialism," i.e., anti-Westernism, and "nonalignment," i.e., no commitment in the worldwide struggle between Communism and freedom.

His partisans go further and claim that Nehru speaks for all Asia. This is manifest nonsense, Nehru does not speak for Mao's China, for Japan, for the Philippines, for Formosa, for Korea, for Thailand, for North or South Viet Nam, for Afghanistan, for Pakistan. His influence is principally felt in Ceylon, Burma, Laos, Cambodia, Malaya and Indonesia.

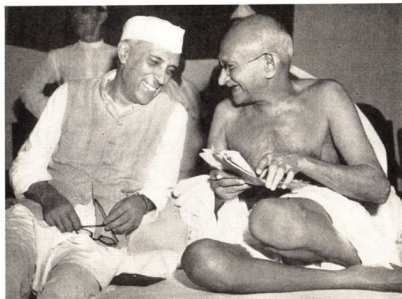
It is an influence that is often confused with views he does not represent. In Nehru's name it is argued that Asians possess a spirituality of nature that is superior to Western materialism. But Nehru himself, admired as he is by many Hindus and Buddhists, holds to no spiritual beliefs, and only last week in West Germany said: "As for myself, I believe in no religion or dogma or faith." He be- rates the world for its use of force, but he holds Kashmir by force; he talks of the rights of people, but he denies Kashmir a plebiscite; he resents the intrusions of other people in Indian affairs, but he is always ready to intrude elsewhere.

Lost in the Desert Sands. Nehru's increasing influence in Southeast Asia has been matched by a growing disenchantment with him in the U.S. In the beginning, the U.S. greeted Indian independence in 1947 with pleasure. Thoreau and Jefferson, cried the cheerleaders, had inspired India's rebels. Nehru, said Pundit Walter Lippmann, is "certainly the greatest figure in Asia."

What finally and perhaps irrevocably ended unquestioning U.S. admiration of India was India's role in the Korean war, where Nehru showed himself neutral in favor of Communist China, which he fears as he does not fear the U.S. It was possible to understand Indian neutrality during the fighting. It was all but impossible to forgive the fact that as the pivotal member of the Korean Armistice Commission, India, at Nehru's personal insistence, abandoned the traditional impartiality of neutral arbiters. In an apparent attempt to win the confidence of Mao Tse-tung, it tried to force 22,500 anti-Communist Chinese P.W.s to return to Red China.

"Has the clear mountain flood of [Gandhi's] spiritual influence . . . lost itself in the desert sands of Nehru's day?" demanded Vermont's Republican Senator Ralph Flanders. Today U.S. views range from Justice Douglas's conviction that Nehru is "the most effective opponent of Communism in Asia" to A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany's belief that Nehru is an aide and ally of Communist imperialism—"in fact and in effect, if not in diplomatic verbiage."

The most audible American voice on



Associated Press

NEHRU & GANDHI

From the spinning wheel to the tractor, an appalling heritage.

Jawaharlal Nehru's profound conviction that it is up to him to set people straight on the facts of life. Incurable victim of what he himself recognizes as a compulsion to give advice, India's Prime Minister indefatigably ladles out instruction to family, friends, his 382 million countrymen and the world at large.

In the past decade entire nations have come to know the puzzlement and irritation that Nehru's sister Krishna described in a *Ladies' Home Journal* article last year. Nonetheless, in much of the world, anything that Nehru has to say is listened to with respect and attention. This is partly because Jawaharlal Nehru, whatever his faults, is an impressive man and can be a charming one, but it is primarily because he speaks in the name of an otherwise largely silent segment of mankind—one-seventh of the human race.

The Humane Alternative. Not long ago U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas predicted that "the Big Six of the last half of the 20th century" would be Russia, China, Japan, Germany, the U.S.—and India. Whether or not Douglas' prophecy is borne out, India is al-

ants into the world's second-greatest industrial power. The price the U.S.S.R. paid—total suppression of human liberties and the sacrifice of two generations of Russians—does not appall many Asians as much as it does Westerners.

So far, only one significant challenge to the Soviet method has appeared in Asia. That challenge is posed by India. Under the leadership of Jawaharlal Nehru, India is striving to build a planned industrial economy that will be made safe for democracy. In the abstract, Nehru's humane alternative is clearly preferable to Asians, but today's Asia is impatient and pragmatic. If India fails to make rapid economic progress or even if her rate of economic growth lags too far behind that of Red China, most of Asia, including India itself, may succumb in time to the clanking siren song of Communism.

Jawaharlal Nehru works hard at the

* Not including the Philippine Republic, to which the U.S., on March 24, 1934, promised independence ten years after inauguration of the Philippine commonwealth government. The Philippines became an independent nation on July 4, 1946, exactly on the date promised.

Indian affairs, onetime U.S. Ambassador Chester Bowles, sometimes sounds as if the chief object of U.S. foreign and domestic policy should be to make the U.S. over to something Nehru would find acceptable. Somewhere beyond this is a view, often expressed on the clubwomen's circuit, that if only Nehru knew Americans better he would understand them. The difficulty with this notion is that Nehru himself knows all he wants to know about the U.S. and understands what he wants to understand about the U.S. It is bootless to measure Nehru as a friend of the U.S., which he is not particularly. Nor does he ask to be so measured.

The Doer. Officially, Jawaharlal Nehru is not only India's Prime Minister but Foreign Minister and Minister of Atomic Energy as well. Unofficially, he is India's chief planner, chief policymaker, chief reformer and universal straw boss. Proud of his command of English (developed at Harrow and Cambridge), Nehru will sign no letter prepared by anyone else, and he personally dictates the great bulk of cables going to Indian ambassadors abroad. His Cabinet ministers have long since become accustomed to being awakened in the middle of the night by "urgent" Nehru messages complaining about an unpainted government housing project or a trash can that sits too far out in a road. Nehru, complains one close acquaintance, "often has the feeling that if he can't get to an issue it might just as well not be done." All hands agree, however, that for a man of 66 India's Prime Minister manages to get to an amazing number of issues.

Nehru starts off each day at New Delhi at 6:15 in the morning with 20 minutes of yoga exercises that invariably include a few headstands ("Standing on my head increases my good humor"). By 7:45 he has showered, scanned Delhi's English-language papers, and is in his teak-lined study reading cables from his ambassadors and signing correspondence that he dictated the night before. (Two three-secretary shifts work a total of 19 hours a day, handling his home dictation.)

Promptly at 8:30, after a three-minute breakfast with Daughter Indira and her two sons, Nehru moves into the big, carpeted living room of his 20-room house, once the residence of the chief of staff of the British Indian army. Here, waiting his arrival, there is always an assemblage of petitioners, laborers, peasants and refugees, some of whom have walked in from as far as 200 miles away to state their grievances to Nehru personally. The Prime Minister talks with each, often dictates on the spot a letter to appropriate officials.

In Parliament Nehru resembles nothing so much as a crotchety schoolmaster leading a class discussion. He constantly pops up to interrupt, discourses firmly on everything from the evils of too many cocktail parties to what kind of clothing M.P.s should wear. Often these casual expressions of personal opinion determine national policies. One such statement resulted in the banning in India of films that show Africans in a "degrading light," e.g., as bearers on safari. Another killed a widely

supported proposal to put a \$5,000 ceiling on personal income in India.

Opium of the Masses. Jawaharlal Nehru, however, is far more than just a political boss. In the Indian mystique he is a national symbol, almost the embodiment of India, and he receives from his countrymen probably more unbounded and unabashed hero worship than any other national leader in the world.

Obviously this disgusts Nehru. He knocks away people who try to kiss his feet, swings his ivory-tipped, teakwood swagger stick at crowds which come too close. Yet, like Antaeus touching earth, he seeks out crowds, often giving as many as ten speeches a week when he is in



NEHRU AT HARROW (AGED 15)
From days at school, a fuzzy vision.

New Delhi, and many more when he is traveling.

The performance is almost always the same. As Nehru steps out of his black Cadillac and climbs onto the speaker's platform, he is approached by women bearing wreaths. He allows one wreath to be placed around his neck, but a second later abruptly jerks it off and throws it on a table. With patent impatience he fiddles with the microphones before him, readjusting their height and position. Finally the speech begins. It is made without notes and sounds less like a political address than a passage from a stream-of-consciousness novel. Almost invariably, it will include sharp attacks on some of India's most cherished beliefs—Hinduism ("a religion that enslaves you") or astrology ("silly nonsense"). Sometimes, with all the outrage of an Englishman or American whose patience has been tried beyond endurance by Indian backwardness and inefficiency, Nehru verbally assaults the crowd itself. "You are a people of cow-dung mentality, living in a cow-dung

world," he bawled at one group early this year.

None of this, nor the fact that many do not even know the language he addresses them in, bothers his audience. They have come not to hear Nehru but for *darshan*, the spiritual impact of being in the presence of a great personality. When the speech is over, the crowd cheers, and amidst the applause Nehru bounds down from the platform, smiling at everyone, his irritability gone. "Nehru," says one American familiar with these spectacles, "is the opium of the Indian masses—and they are his."

The English Heritage. Yet a great gulf separates Nehru from the Indian masses—a gulf inherent in Nehru's origin and widened by his English education. Nehru's father, Motilal Nehru, was a wealthy lawyer. Determined to give his only son an English gentleman's education, Motilal put him in the hands of an Irish tutor, Ferdinand Brooks. Under Brooks's guidance, Jawaharlal ranged widely through English literature, one of his favorite authors being that apostle of the white man's burden, Rudyard Kipling.

The Enduring Marks. At 15, Nehru was sent to Harrow. "I well remember," he wrote in his autobiography, "that when the time came to part [from Harrow], tears came to my eyes." Moving on to Cambridge, where he specialized in chemistry, botany and geology, Nehru along with many of his British contemporaries acquired a faith in science as the universal nostrum. "Those were the days," recalls one of Nehru's English friends, "when Socialism was a pretty vague thing. Earnest young men at Oxford and Cambridge talked ethics, politics and economics in the same breath, without knowing exactly what they wanted."

This schoolboy's vision of scientifically organized socialist society, based essentially on an esthetic distaste for poverty and an aristocratic contempt for "shopkeepers," was made to order for a Harrovian Brahmin, and it was one of the enduring marks which Nehru bore when he returned to India in 1912. "Do what I will," he admitted years later, "I cannot get out of the habits of mind and the standards and ways of judging other countries, as well as life generally, which I acquired in school and college in England."

Nehru's English patina, however, was deceptive. "Behind me," he wrote years after his return from Britain, "lie somewhere the subconscious racial memories of a hundred generations of Brahmins." Behind him, too, were conscious memories of hearing since childhood of the "overbearing character and insulting manner of English people . . . toward Indians." Those memories made him a champion of the underdog and filled him with his own intense brand of racial prejudice. "I try to be impartial and objective," he noted in his autobiography, "but the Asiatic in me influences my judgment whenever an Asiatic people are concerned."

The Discovery of India. For a few years after his return to India, the rebel in Nehru was submerged in the English

gentleman. He settled down in Allahabad, married a suitable Kashmiri Brahman girl (chosen by his father) and practiced law in desultory fashion. But before long, boredom and the rising tide of Indian nationalism swept him into the revolutionary politics of the Indian National Congress Party. And once he met Gandhi, the die was cast. Two men more diverse than Nehru and the frail little Mahatma could hardly be imagined. Devoted to the scientific socialism of the tractor and the big machine, Nehru could scarcely comprehend the distrust of machine civilization which Gandhi symbolized with his home spinning wheel, and he was outraged when Gandhi proclaimed a disastrous earthquake to be divine punishment for India's moral imperfections.

Following Gandhi cost Nehru dear. He spent 14 years in British prisons. His wife Kamala and his father, both of whom joined the independence movement under his influence, died after repeated imprisonments. Nonetheless, it was the fight for independence that focused Nehru's talents and made him a man of destiny. Through it, he discovered peasant India and the fact that, somehow or other, he could manipulate its soul. And it was primarily for this skill that Gandhi, who may have been a saint but was above all a shrewd politician, named Nehru heir to the leadership of India.

Problems of Power. It was in most respects an appalling heritage. When independence finally came, and Nehru took the reins of power, it scarcely seemed as if he had even the raw material for a nation. The people with whom he had to work were among the world's poorest and most backward. Even today 325 million Indians (85% of the population) are illiterate, and their per capita income is only \$57 a year (v. \$40 in China, \$143 in Japan). Some 68 million—the equivalent of the total U.S. labor force—are unemployed. In summer in 120° heat, millions of city workers go without water because they cannot afford to buy it at one-fifth of a cent a glass. In Calcutta (pop. 2,568,000) it is still cheaper to hire a man or a boy to pull a cart than to hire a bullock, and thousands of people sleep on the streets every night.

There were also immense problems of diversity and disunity. Indians speak some 200 dialects, including 14 distinct major languages. India's teeming masses are bedeviled by almost every form of intolerance known to man. The mutual religious antipathy between Hindus (303 million), Moslems (354 million) and Sikhs (6.2 million) is always close to the boiling point. The nation's 50 million untouchables suffer from caste discrimination, resting, in the words of an Indian government official, on "prejudices deeper than the one against Negroes in the U.S." The 26 million ebony-colored Tamils claim that fair-skinned northerners (like Nehru) persecute them because of their color.

Armageddon Postponed. In the first year of India's life, it seemed as though religious hatred by itself would tear the

nation apart. Hindus, Sikhs and Moslems battled all over India in an orgy of violence which claimed up to half a million lives. Somehow, through the public shock of Gandhi's assassination and by the determined use of power, the slaughter was finally checked. Nehru could at last turn his attention to other problems. He and his government forced through laws forbidding social and religious discrimination against untouchables. They incorporated into free India 552 princely states which the British had allowed to fester in medieval autonomy. They held free elections—the world's largest—and by a mixture of force and political guile staved off Communist Party bids to win control of provincial governments.

As a solution to the nation's economic problems, Nehru advanced what he vaguely called "a socialist pattern of society."



"Toward Freedom" by Jawaharlal Nehru (John Day)
NEHRU'S WIFE (D. 1936)
Destiny's price was high.

This involved a certain amount of nationalization (insurance, some banks, transport, armaments), but primarily Nehru sought to expand the government's role in the Indian economy, not by taking over established industries but by developing new ones. Taking a leaf from the Russian book, India went in for five-year plans. Between 1951 and 1956 the first five-year plan pumped about \$5 billion into India's economy, mostly in the form of irrigation and agricultural projects. The second plan, announced last May, calls for an outlay of \$15 billion on increased industrial plant, a prime objective being to triple India's steel production. To achieve this, Nehru, to the great relief of India's businessmen, took pains to make it clear that the Armageddon of private industry in India was still some way off. "Why," asked he recently, "should we fritter away our energy pushing out someone who is doing a job in the private sector?" Nehru's reassurances, however, have yet to

overcome the wariness of U.S. private enterprises whose investment in India at the end of 1954 totaled only \$92 million.

Danger from Within. So far, the results of Nehru's ambitious programs have been spotty. Legally, untouchables are now entitled to eat in the same restaurants as their higher-caste countrymen, but all over Saurashtra state near Bombay a few weeks ago, restaurants in which district magistrates had entertained untouchables were being picketed. Legally, Moslems and Hindus are co-equal citizens of India, but in Old Delhi last month Hindus were tossing homemade bombs at Moslem shopkeepers. Even more questionable were the results of the first five-year plan. Superficially, the plan achieved its most important goal, boosting the nation's food production by 18%. But it did not reduce unemployment and failed to increase per capita income significantly. (Because of price increases, per capita purchasing power actually dropped 15% between 1952 and 1955.) Much of the extra food went unsold because the people who needed it were not able to buy it. The dedicated efforts of civil servants and planners are largely frustrated by India's birth rate. The population increases at the rate of 5,000,000 a year.

On at least one crucial issue Nehru has clearly lost ground: his attempt to overcome the fragmentary force of local linguistic loyalty. In 1953 an old Gandhi disciple named Potti Srimululu began to agitate for a separate state for the 33 million Indians who speak Telugu. When Srimululu died while fasting for the cause, his Telugu followers, whipped to a frenzy, began to riot. Nehru, shocked by this violence, bowed and agreed to the establishment of the Telugu-speaking state of Andhra. Emboldened, other language groups began to press their claims. The latest of these agitations were last January's Bombay riots, which killed 250 people. Deeply troubled by the linguistic riots, Nehru nowadays believes that "disunity is our greatest enemy."

If this upsurge of regionalism continues, it is likely to have ominous consequences for India. Perhaps the only thing that could prevent so disruptive a force from reducing the central government to impotence is a leader with nationwide appeal and moral authority. Since Gandhi's death, India has been left with only one man of such stature—Nehru himself.

The Possible Caesar. An article in an Indian magazine, the *Modern Review*, written in 1936, described Nehru in this fashion: "Men like Jawaharlal, with all their capacity for great and good work, are unsafe in a democracy. He calls himself a democrat and a socialist, and no doubt he does so in all earnestness, but every psychologist knows that the mind is ultimately slave to the heart . . . Jawahar has all the makings of a dictator in him—vast popularity, a strong will, ability, hardness, an intolerance for others and a certain contempt for the weak and inefficient . . . Is it not possible that Jawahar might fancy himself as a Caesar?"

Years later the anonymous author of this trenchant judgment announced his identity. It was Nehru himself.

Today Nehru is very close to being Caesar. Critics complain that his Cabinet consists not of ministers but of courtiers like the mercurial former U.N. delegate Krishna Menon, who is almost as unpopular in India as in the U.S. They charge, too, that Nehru's personal interference in every detail of government has sapped the initiative of his subordinates and prevented the emergence of potential national leaders.

When he becomes bored or frustrated by domestic affairs, Nehru frequently flees to the greener fields of foreign policy, where the unpleasant consequences of irresponsibility are generally slower to appear. As Nehru himself sees it, India's foreign policy is based on two rational and respectable principles: self-interest and hatred of colonialism (which in Indian terms means domination of colored people by white people; subjugation of whites by other whites is irrelevant). To outsiders, however, Indian policy seems to be heavily influenced by a number of purely emotional considerations personal to Nehru.

Indian policy toward Russia is affected to an incalculable degree by the fact that, like many another old Fabian Socialist, Nehru has never been quite able to get over the exultation he felt in 1917 when the Russian Revolution opened up a "Socialist" era in history. To an equally incalculable degree, India's policy toward the U.S. is affected by Nehru's upper-class Edwardian English contempt for the U.S. as a nation of "vulgar" people who talk about money. To a highly measurable degree, India's behavior toward any power is affected by the extent to which that power feeds Nehru's vanity by seeking his advice on Asian affairs. The British, Russians and Chinese do, and Nehru forgives them even when he disapproves of their actions. The U.S. does not, and Nehru is openly elated by each U.S. discomfiture in Asia.

Essentially Right. The start of his serious animosity toward the U.S. came in 1954 when the U.S. agreed to supply arms to Pakistan—the only nation India regards as an enemy. To Nehru, this was bringing the cold war to India's door. He was also discomfited by Red China's seizure of Tibet, just across his northern border, but has been noticeably quieter about that. At the Bandung Conference last year, Nehru led the fight against inclusion of any denunciation of Communist imperialism in the official communiqués. Early this year during the Bulganin-Khrushchev visit to India, he listened unprotestingly while the Russian leaders vilified the U.S. and other Western powers. In private conversation later, an acquaintance expressed dismay at the Russian falsifications, and Nehru replied blandly, "After all, they were essentially right."

The cast of mind that made possible such a remark (as well as the B. & K. visit) has helped to create in India an



BEDTIME IN CALCUTTA
The value of humanity is low.

Jim Burke-Lire

ideological climate which may in time constitute Nehru's one great disservice to his country. Russian aid to India, which so far has consisted chiefly of a promise to build a 1,000,000-ton steel plant on an \$80 million-\$95 million loan, has been received with a fanfare of publicity, U.S. loans and gifts, which during the first five-year plan amounted to \$538 million, have been accepted grudgingly. The posters everywhere greeting B. & K. with "India and Russia are brothers" were Nehru's doing. By this kind of "impartiality" Nehru has not only instilled in many Indians a deep suspicion of the U.S., but has also failed to alert his people to the danger of Soviet imperialism. Simultaneously, he has aroused in much of the U.S. Congress and population an almost irresistible desire to cut off aid to India and leave her to her own devices. This is the more regrettable since many Americans have long felt a deep sympathy for India and Indians, and in the end, U.S. policy hopes for India only what India hopes for itself: that it be healthy and free.

The Measuring Rod. History has not yet balanced its books on Jawaharlal Nehru. If, despite his Caesarism and his ill-conceived sponsorship of Bulganin and Khrushchev, India survives as a unified nation without going Communist, Nehru's vanities and eccentricities will become merely a playground for biographers. Even his role in international affairs will seem neither so mischievous as his critics now think, nor so important as his admirers believe. History may not judge Nehru by his foreign policy, which, because it is essentially negative, may loom less large as time goes by.

It will give him high marks for doing as much as he has to lessen his people's poverty, cure their diseases, school them and make a nation of them. It will recognize, too, that Nehru, like China's Sun Yat-sen and Turkey's Kemal Ataturk, has had a difficult and frustrating role to play in bringing his people into democratic nationhood under tutelage. In these pursuits, Jawaharlal Nehru has his high place, even though he will not be an ally, and is not particularly a friend.

TURKEY

Costly Joke

A customer stopped at a Turkish newsstand and asked for a copy of a newspaper called *Freedom*. "We have no *Freedom*," said the news vendor. "Then," said the customer, "I'll take a copy of *LIFE*." "We have no *LIFE* either," "Ah, well," sighed the customer, "I might have known, for where there's no freedom, there can be no life."

This small story, appearing last week in Bursa's satirical weekly *Chivi*, was one Turkish magazine's arch way of replying to Premier Adnan Menderes' recent clamp-down on freedom of the press in Turkey (*TIME*, June 11). But though *Chivi* was only fooling, it soon found that Menderes was not. The ink was scarcely dry, when *Chivi*'s editor was haled into court, fined 10,000 lire (\$3,600) and sentenced to a year in jail for "writing with malicious and tendentious intent."

Turkish newspapers made no mention of the trial. They valued life, even without freedom.

HUNGARY

"As for My Mistakes"

The Central Committee of Hungary's Communist Party was treated to one of Communism's most affecting ceremonies last week: at the bidding of his comrades, bullet-headed, gold-toothed Matyas Rakosi, 64, Hungary's ironhanded Red boss for eleven years, hoisted himself onto a podium and proceeded to abase himself.

"In the last two years," Rakosi began lamely, "comrades have often noted that I have no longer been so frequently as before at enterprises among the masses. They were right. But they did not know that the reason was the worsening of my health. My state of health began to affect the quality and quantity of my work, which in such an important post can only do the party harm." Having made his excuses, Rakosi got to his crimes.

The Target. "As for my mistakes in the sphere of the personality cult and of violations of Socialist legality," said Rakosi, "after the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party and Comrade Khrushchev's report, I realized that the gravity and influence of these mistakes were greater than I believed and the damage inflicted upon our party as a result of these mistakes much more serious than I thought earlier. These mistakes complicated the work of our party [and] gave the enemy quite a wide target for attack.

"In correcting these mistakes I ought to have gone farther. I . . . bear a serious responsibility for all this."

For Matyas Rakosi, the public humiliation was an added twist: The Central Committee had already extracted his resignation, put him on the podium just to see him squirm. After his groveling little speech, Rakosi walked out of the hall, his 37 years of service to the Hungarian party rewarded by dismissal. A slavish fol-

lower of the Kremlin's twisting line, Rakosi had used his famous "salami tactics"—cutting up the opposition slice by slice—to become the undisputed ruler of Hungary, earn the title "Little Stalin." When events outdated this title, Rakosi expediently tried to bend to the time, admitted mistakes, promised changes, apologized to Tito. But tough old cutthroat that he was, Matyas Rakosi could not really put his heart into the softer new policy, and Tito was the first in line to demand his hairless scalp. Soviet Traveling Salesman Anastas Mikoyan smugly



Associated Press

COMMUNIST RAKOSI
Demands for a hairless scalp.

watched last week as the once-proud Rakosi bowed his head.

The Successor. Rakosi's successor, 56-year-old Deputy Premier Erno Gero, is a longtime Communist planner whose career—and devotion to Stalin—closely parallels Rakosi's. The only discernible difference is that Gero has earned a smaller portion of Tito's enmity. His appointment indicates no easing of conditions in Hungary. Lean, tubercular Erno Gero wasted no pity on his old boss. Rakosi's failure to adjust to the new line, he told the Central Committee, had hampered the development of collective leadership in Hungary. The committee then adopted an ironic resolution noting "the historic and imperishable merits of Comrade Rakosi, merits which cannot, however, make us forget the mistakes he committed."

GREAT BRITAIN

What Kind of War?

Britain is considering a one-third cut in its defense budget—upwards of \$1 billion a year—designed to ease the strained economy and conform to Prime Minister Eden's theories about "modern weapons" and "strategic changes in other nations." Up to now the British have viewed the

next war as a trading of H-bombs followed by a "broken-backed" struggle for recovery, but they now accept the doctrine of U.S. Admiral Arthur Radford and other top British and U.S. airmen that the first big blow will settle things. The British therefore want to concentrate on guided missiles. They would abolish first the Fighter Command and then the "interim" long-range jet bombers when missiles are perfected; they would confine the Royal Navy largely to a convoy force of anti-submarine vessels, and the Land Army to a mobile ground force equipped to fight "brush-fire wars."

All this, the British believe, should take about 200,000 men out of the armed forces, and perhaps end the need for conscription. As for NATO, the British would like to pull two of their four divisions out of West Germany and leave the line to a "tripwire force" adequate to flash invasion warnings to the deterrent H-bombers in Britain and the U.S. As the *Manchester Guardian* put it this week: "General Gruenther's screen across Europe is too weak to stop an assault by Soviet forces in East Germany, but stronger than it need be merely to act as a burglar alarm." This thinking also coincides with Radford's, but it dismays West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and NATO's retiring boss, General Alfred Gruenther. Adenauer has just bulled his own unpopular conscription bill through the German Parliament, and he let it be known at week's end that he was "extremely concerned."

WEST GERMANY

The Undesirables

The U.S. Army stuck to its story that statistics show no increase in G.I. crimes in West Germany. But last week accounts of violence by U.S. troops filled the German press. Items:

¶ In Bamberg seven G.I.s were arrested, charged with the rape of a 15-year-old German schoolgirl. The city council called for the removal of all U.S. troops from the city (pop. 76,000).

¶ In Munich, where a G.I. clubbed a young bricklayer to death in front of his 18-year-old bride, 50 riotous cars paraded the streets, and residential areas were placed off limits to G.I.s.

¶ In Bavaria the ministerial council ordered its 600-man reserve riot police to patrol G.I. trouble spots throughout the province "in view of permanent excesses and some grave crimes" of U.S. troops.

For the past eleven years, the G.I. has been remarkably popular in West Germany, and the German press, on the whole, restrained in its treatment of G.I. lapses. This era of good feeling was now in jeopardy. "Gangsters and sex maniacs who still today believe they can treat our wives and daughters as game are undesired here," editorialized the sober official gazette of Rhineland-Palatinate.

For the second time in three weeks, U.S. Ambassador James Bryant Conant apologized to West German Foreign Min-

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ister Dr. Heinrich von Brentano for G.I. misbehavior. Stung by German charges of "helpless excuses," U.S. European Commander General Henry I. Hodes ordered a midnight curfew for West Germany's 150,000 G.I.s, promised to weed out "misfits and lawbreakers" from U.S. units. Some Army commanders are inclined to blame the increase in serious violence on the Army's much-ballyhooed new "Operation Gyroscope," whereby entire units, up to divisions, trade duty stations. Formerly, fresh groups of young draftees went into old units, where they benefited from the restraining influence of veteran troops.

MIDDLE EAST

Weights & Measures

On short notice, and unshaven on his arrival, U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld last week dropped in on Israel for what he insisted was a "personal visit." Since the Secretary-General had made a tour of the Middle East less than three months ago, and was not expected to return again until October, something was obviously up. For eight hours he talked with testy Premier David Ben-Gurion. Hammarskjöld wanted reassurances that B-G was not about to break the peace. The U.N. mediator had been concerned by B-G's recent threat to U.N. Truce Supervisor Major General Burns to do something drastic if Jordan misbehaved. B-G had shaken a Bible under Burns' nose and quoted *Deuteronomy* to him: "Thou shalt not have in thy bag divers weights, a great and a small; thou shalt not have in thy house divers measures, a great and a small; a perfect and just weight shalt thou have; a perfect and just measure."

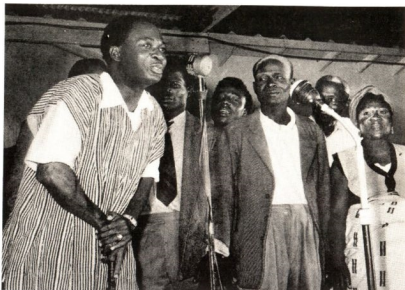
Hammarskjöld apparently was reassured: his talk with Ben-Gurion, they both said, had been "full and fruitful." Then he moved on to Jordan and Egypt to see if by any chance the Arabs might also be in a fruitful mood.

THE GOLD COAST

The New State of Ghana

Before dawn the recorded radio beat of tom-toms sounded out across the cocoa plantations and straw-hut villages of the Gold Coast, awakening hundreds of African officials and thousands of voters, the tribal cry of darkest Africa summoning everybody to an election. All day the voters calmly queued up outside the polling huts, picked up their ballots, had their thumbs smeared with indelible ink to prevent duplicate voting, walked into the huts and dropped their ballots into boxes.

The boxes were marked with party symbols—a rooster for the Convention Peoples Party of Kwame Nkrumah, 47, for four years the self-governing colony's Prime Minister (*TIME*, Feb. 9, 1953); a cocoa tree for the National Liberation Movement, meant to dramatize charges of graft in the Nkrumah government's Cocoa Marketing Board. "What you need is an honest government," cried the leader



Peter McCollon

WINNER NKRUHMAH ON ELECTION NIGHT
On the calendar, a date with independence.

of the N.L.M., "one whose hand is not always in the public pocket."

But Kwame Nkrumah, born a Twi tribesman in a mud-hut village, graduate of Pennsylvania's Lincoln University ('39), leader since 1947 of his country's surge to get independence from the British, struck a higher note: "Do not listen to these madmen who talk to you of cocoa and corruption," he argued. "They simply hide the fact that they do not want independence for our country."

Winning Ways. Kwame Nkrumah had a particular reason for wanting to win decisively. Should he win "a reasonable majority in a newly elected legislature," the British Colonial Office had promised, the Gold Coast would get "a firm date" for independence, become the first black nation in the Commonwealth. Nkrumah, onetime dabbler in Marxism, now talks of "self-government in an atmosphere of peace, order and respect for the law." And for all the burling of Blimps about the blacks, British colonialism has a stake in Gold Coast progress. "That's for you chaps to decide," the colony's able Governor Sir Charles Arden-Clarke tells British Africa's first all-black Cabinet. "After all, you're the government."

Through the four weeks of campaigning, tensions heightened. Nkrumah's opposition stumped upcountry Ashanti and the Northern Territories. The Territories, on the edge of the Sahara, are mostly Moslem; the center region of Ashanti is run by tribal chieftains who recognize that the city slickers down in the capital of Accra threaten ancient tribal ways. The new N.L.M. party talked up a federal system with decentralized powers. The Gold Coast is only about as big as Nebraska, however, with only 4,500,000 people, and Nkrumah argued that "regionalism must not replace nationalism."

Nkrumah's enthusiastic "P.G.s." (for Prison Graduate—an inestimable politi-

cal advantage in a British colony) soon drowned out all others with loudspeaker-car cries, to a calypso-style rhythm, of "FREE-DOM, NKROO-MAH. FREE-DOM, NKROO-MAH." When the votes were counted, Nkrumah got 71 seats out of 104. Despite the loss of ten seats in Ashanti he had got his "reasonable majority."

New Name. The Colonial Office would like to delay full dominion status for the Gold Coast until 1958, on the ground that a responsible opposition is as necessary to developing true parliamentary spirit as a good administration. But there was no question of renegeing on independence. The Commonwealth Prime Ministers stand ready to admit the Gold Coast under its own chosen name of "Ghana."*

Nkrumah is in no mood to wait so long. Already pennants and bright lights for a big Independence Day blowout are on order from British manufacturers; and new currency, bearing Nkrumah's head and the name GHANA, and millions of new postage stamps, have been printed and lie waiting in warehouses.

FRANCE

Dancing the Gopak

The port of Le Havre (pop. 140,000) is the largest French city with a Communist-controlled council and a Communist mayor. It was just the place for the battered party to hold its 14th national congress. Red flags decked the streets as 800 delegates, tieless and in shirtsleeves, tramped into Le Havre's vast, unfinished city hall. They had gathered to give obedience to Maurice Thorez.

Nowhere outside the Iron Curtain had

* After an ancient (A.D. 200-1200) West African empire of blacks. Thus by local fiat the Gold Coast, like such other colorful names as Siam, Persia, Constantinople and Smyrna, will disappear from the map.

the cult of personality operated more strongly than it had in France. On his 50th birthday in 1950 the faithful thronged to an exhibit to see 20 painted portraits of Thorez; the editor of *L'Humanité* said that Thorez "gave me inspiration to write"; a critic compared Thorez' writings to Descartes' and Montaigne's, and another said he "makes artists paint, scientists discover, writers write." This ex-miner who sat out the war in Moscow was also able to outfit himself with a limousine and three houses, including a \$70,000 villa on the Riviera. Such glorification is in disfavor these days, but Thorez was not willing to let repression go too far: "One should not confuse the personality cult," he said, "with demonstrations of affection and confidence."

Last week, in full control of his party, Thorez arranged a new show of affection and confidence. He had ordered the provincial delegates carefully screened to get rid of what were referred to as a "few unnerved and impatient comrades." Actually, by the party's own admission, membership since 1948 has fallen off by 500,000. Leaning on his cane, ailing Maurice Thorez laid down the line at the party congress with a two-hour opening speech whose doctrinaire finality made the "democratic" discussion that followed antilemantic. "This is not a debating society," he cried. "Discussion ends when a decision is made, and everyone must obey." Halfway through his speech Thorez faltered. "I must rest," he croaked, and a half-hour break was declared. Despite what he touted as the miracle of Soviet medicine, his ailments (partial paralysis from a stroke) still trouble him.

Soviet Presidium Member Mikhail Suslov, whose presence was proof of Thorez' Moscow backing, looked on approvingly as Thorez was re-elected and delegate after delegate rose to accept his guidance. One was "in complete agreement with Comrade Thorez," another in "unanimous accord," another laudatory "without reserve." It was the solidarity of those willing to dance the *gopak* on demand.

VIET NAM

All Quiet on the 17th Parallel

"People are talking too much about July 20," said South Viet Nam's doughty little President Ngo Dinh Diem. "Dates aren't important, but action is." Last week in Diem's resurgent country, July 20 came and went. There was no disorder, no rioting, no sudden blow by sneaker-wearing Communists from the North, nothing to mark the fact that July 20, 1956 was in effect the date accepted after the Geneva Conference of 1954 for elections to unite North and South Viet Nam.

The election device was a deadly one, marking something of a moral low for the British and French who signed the treaty, and only less so for the U.S., which did not sign the treaty but nonetheless consented to "respect" it. The Communist North, numbering 12 million and under

full Communist regimentation, would inevitably outvote the free South, numbering 10.5 million. The interim two-year period was primarily designed as a breathing space in which the French were able to pull their troops out gracefully with a minimum loss of face and a maximum chance of later trade with the future all-Communist Viet Nam.

But in the South, Diem, first faltering and then fully backed by the U.S., set out to consolidate his country. He had not signed Geneva, and he would not be bound by the elections. In any event, said Diem, the conditions for free elections simply did not exist in the Communist North. Last April the British reversed their Geneva policy and aligned themselves with the U.S. and Diem. Last May the French pulled out their troops and lost their power to influence events. India,



PREMIER DIEM
A state has entrenched itself.

authorized by the Geneva powers to supervise the military details of the truce, also agreed to let July 20 pass by and to keep on maintaining the peace.

In the beginning the discomfited French had feared that should the deadline pass the Communists would start up the Indo-China war again. But three weeks ago North Viet Nam's Vice President Vo Nguyen Giap, the Communist victor of Dienbienphu, swallowed the new soft line: "The competition between North and South," he said, "will be on the same basis as the world competition now existing between socialism and capitalism."

And as the saffron and scarlet banner of South Viet Nam continued to fly beside the all-quiet dividing line of the 17th parallel, Nikita Khrushchev begrudgingly admitted the new fact: "In South Viet Nam time has passed," said Khrushchev, "but no elections have been held. Why? Because a so-called democratic state has firmly entrenched itself."

BURMA

Red Holiday

Rich and poor alike, the passengers in Rangoon station were in a festive mood last week as they boarded the crack Prome Express, homeward bound to celebrate *waso*, a Buddhist holy season. Every seat in the expensive compartments was taken, and the railroad had hitched on extra cattle cars to accommodate hundreds of poorer men and women laden down with baskets of food. At outlying stations, scores of *waso* pilgrims climbed aboard, further packing the train.

As if in answer to the festive mood, the sun was shining in unaccustomed brightness through the monsoon-clouded skies as the heavily loaded train headed into the jungle country some 50 miles north of Rangoon. As usual, a strongly armed patrol train chugged watchfully along on the track just ahead, against the possibility of Communist bandits.

Vain Hope. At 9:44 a.m. all was gay chatter aboard the Rangoon-Prome Express. At 9:45 an earth-shattering explosion, followed in quick succession by two more, picked up long sections of the track and shook the cars in the air like wet laundry. Gunfire poured from the track-side paddycliffs and jungle as two cars of the train plowed into the disabled engine ahead. Other cars of the long train overturned in a nightmare of confusion, as tumbled, screaming passengers were impaled on splinters or crushed in the press of twisted steel.

At first, the guards in the armored train ahead tried to fight off the unseen attackers with gunfire, but after a moment they gave up and steamed away, ostensibly to get reinforcements. Meanwhile, a detachment of guards in the rear car of the express lay low, hoping the bandits would overlook them. It was a vain hope. Concentrating their aim on the rear car, the bandits pinned down the guards with a barrage of Bren and Sten gunfire, turning aside only to kill any passengers from the train who tried to escape. Then, going systematically through the cars, they stripped the dead and wounded of all their clothes and possessions, rounded up those who could still walk, and forced them to shoulder the loot and carry it off into the jungle. One young girl, thrown between two coaches and caught by the neck, was stripped naked and left to strangle to death in the trap, unaided.

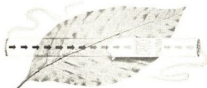
Lost in the Jungle. By the time the patrol train returned with doctors and reinforcements, the Prome Express was a smoldering sepulcher for some 100 dead. Its only living passengers were 30 wounded, who lay close to death, and the still-unharmed guards in the rear compartment. As doctors worked over the wounded in a makeshift roadside hospital, some of the hundreds lost in the jungle struggled back to tell of what had happened. But troops combing the countryside could find no trace of the Communist bandits, the loot they had grabbed, or the dozens of hostages they had taken.

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THE HEMISPHERE



OPENING SESSION AT PANAMA CONFERENCE*

United Press

THE AMERICAS

Presidents at Work

Decked out in gleaming tropical whites, Panama's President Ricardo Arias led 18 fellow American Presidents and Presidents-elect into a conference room in Panama City this week to consider a five-point declaration of hemisphere principles. The visitors listened as the document was read in English, Spanish and French, voted their approval, then filed out for a public signing.

The declaration's keynote: "In a world in which the dignity of the individual, his fundamental rights and the spiritual values of mankind are seriously threatened by totalitarian forces alien to the tradition of our peoples and their institutions, America holds steadfastly to its historic mission—to be a bulwark of human liberty and national independence." The main proposal for immediate action: "inter-American cooperative efforts to seek the solution of economic problems and to raise the living standards of the continent."

When he had signed this Declaration of Panama with the other Presidents, Dwight Eisenhower of the U.S., underscored its meaning and offered a suggestion in the first major speech he has delivered since his June 8 leitis attack, "Our Organization [of American States]," he said, "has already begun to apply the principle that the material welfare and progress of each member is vital to the well-being of every other. But we can, I think, do more . . . Each of us should name a special representative to join in preparing for us concrete recommendations for making our O.A.S. a more effective instrument in those fields of cooperative effort that affect the welfare of our peoples." Ike suggested "my brother

Milton" (see EDUCATION) as the U.S. representative.

Common Problems. In such hopeful words, the visitors agreed on the principles underlying their two-day meeting in Panama's capital to commemorate the first Pan-American conference, called by Simón Bolívar in 1826. Some of the Presidents, practicing strongmen at home, may have been paying lip service to the ideals of the declaration. But many of them genuinely welcomed the chance to meet and talk over common problems in face-to-face relaxation.

At the handsome, modern El Panamá hotel, where all the Presidents except Ike and Venezuela's Marcos Pérez Jiménez were billeted, the informality of a college reunion flourished. To avoid the possibility of hurt feelings, suites identical in size and furnishings were set aside for each chief of state, put under guard and furnished with on-the-house bottles of each President's favorite drink (Spanish "Fundador" brandy for Cuba's Fulgencio Batista, Scotch for Chile's Carlos Ibáñez, French cognac for Mexico's Adolfo Ruiz Cortines).

o Clockwise, around the table: Peru's Manuel Prado, Bolivia's Hernán Siles Zuazo, Uruguay's Alberto Zubieta, Nicaragua's Anastasio Somoza, Haiti's Paul Magloire, Eisenhower, Chile's Carlos Ibáñez, Costa Rica's José Figueres, Argentina's Pedro Aramburu, unidentified conference official, Panama's Ricardo Arias, Brazil's Juscelino Kubitschek, Cuba's Fulgencio Batista, Ecuador's José María Velasco Ibarra, Guatemala's Carlos Castillo Armas, Mexico's Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, Paraguay's Alfredo Stroessner, Venezuela's Marcos Pérez Jiménez, El Salvador's José María Lemus, Panama's President-elect Ernesto de la Guardia. Late arrival: the Dominican Republic's Héctor Trujillo, Stay-at-homes: Colombia's Gustavo Rojas Pinilla and Honduras' Julio Lozano.

o Eisenhower stayed at the U.S. embassy, Pérez Jiménez at a private residence.

As soon as they arrived, the visiting Presidents fanned out in search of old friends. Chile's Ibáñez popped in on Paraguayan President Alfredo Stroessner bright and early the day before the conference; Costa Rica's José Figueres dumped his bags in his room and headed for the hotel coffee shop for a chat with a group of old pals. At the first formal meeting at Arias' presidential palace, the informal talks went on.

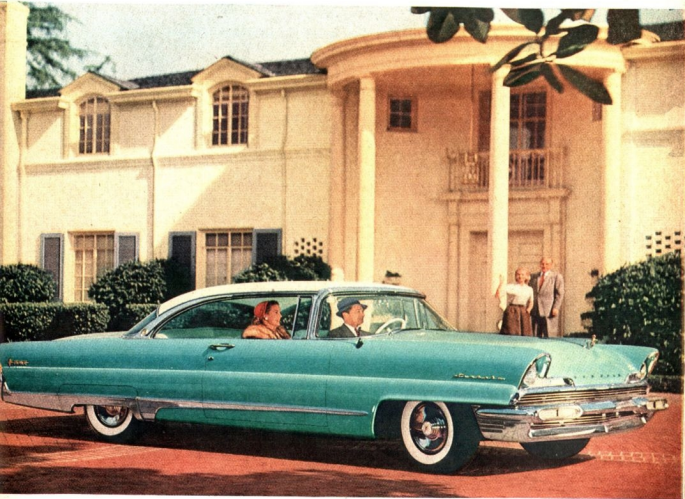
Friendly Cheers. Aside from the call on President Arias, the only other fixed events on the first-day schedule were a presentation of medals at the palace and a reception at the Union Club. Next day, the formal signing of the declaration of principles preceded an evening session of the O.A.S. in honor of the Presidents, and a glittering reception at the hotel.

As expected, Eisenhower drew the blackest headlines and the loudest cheers, not only because of the physical sacrifice he made to attend (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), but because without him, the conference could easily have been a sparsely attended failure. Newsmen, watching the convalescing U.S. President dutifully handle the formal niceties on the first day of the conference, quizzed Press Secretary James Hagerty about his boss's health. Hagerty's answer: "He's not completely recovered, but he wanted to make this trip and take part in these ceremonies."

The reason for such determination was clearly shown on the first day. Before the medal-giving at the palace, Ike dropped in at the hotel, spent quiet half-hours with Mexico's Ruiz Cortines and Guatemala's Carlos Castillo Armas. After the conference was over, Ike planned to stay an extra day to talk with the other Presidents. For Ike, and for most of the other chiefs of state, those intimate talks were the heart of the meeting.



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Once a "social outcast"— today our No. 1 canned product

After it teamed up with tin plate, the luscious tomato
found the secret of universal popularity...



IN ITS romantic past, the familiar tomato has been many things: a love token, a social outcast, a medieval medical prescription, a mantel decoration.

Today, of course, it has come into its own as one of the most flavorful and healthful—and zestfully popular—of all mealtime staples.

This picturesque fruit (technically it is a fruit, though used as a vegetable) was superstitiously shunned as poisonous by many, even as recently as the 19th century. It was first generally introduced into the U.S. diet by Maine seafarers as Spanish sauce—now catsup.

After that, the tomato began catching on—fast. And the problem arose: How to meet the mass demand for this seasonable and highly perishable treat the year round?

The answer—can it. And it was then that the tomato began making history on the double!

No. 1 Canned Product

From the time a New Jerseyite—Harrison Crosby—first “tinned” tomatoes in a commercial pack way back in 1847, to 1955’s astounding output of more than 50,000,000 cases of canned tomato products, the tomato has become one of our most improved and versatile agricultural crops. It has also become, by all odds, our most canned one—in the form of whole tomatoes, soup, juice, sauce, paste and other piquant products relished daily at virtually every American table.

Once canning had opened up this swiftly multiplying mass market, plant breeders began refining and diversifying the tomato. They doubled yields. They introduced new strains and varieties ranging from the tiny currant tomato to the giant 2- to 3-lb. beefsteak tomato.

Names such as the Rutgers, the Marglobe, the Greater Baltimore, the Pearson, the Moran and others came to mean larger, sweeter, meatier tomatoes, demanded by the discriminating—and, naturally, by the canners. Other specialists improved canning methods at the same time, so

that the precious vitamins A and C in which the tomato is so rich are preserved in high degree in the sealed can. The tomato became a kingpin of both our agricultural and our industrial economy.

National’s role

Much of what canning has done for the tomato, it has also done for almost every food you can name. In cans, practically any food you want is instantly at hand—compact, spoil-proof—with its peak flavor and health properties intact.

Enduringly strong, the “tin” can is really steel thinly coated with tin to resist corrosion. It takes tin plate in enormous quantities to make the nearly 40 billion cans the canning industry uses each year. And our Weirton Steel Company is a major supplier of both electrolytic and hot-dipped tin plate.

Of course, tin plate is just one of the many steels made by National Steel. Our research and production men work closely with customers in many fields to provide steels for the better products of all American industry.

At National Steel, it is our constant goal to produce still better and better steel of the quality and in the quantity wanted, at the lowest possible cost to our customers.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

An era in U.S. show business ended in Pittsburgh, and **John Ringling North**, hereditary boss of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, pronounced an epitaph: "The tented circus as it now exists is a thing of the past." Last of the surviving big-time big tops, Ringling struck its huge tent for the last time, packed up to limp back to winter quarters in Sarasota, Fla., though the season was but half over. The big show's ailments: television, labor troubles, miserable weather this year, and soaring costs. Starting next April, North added bravely, the circus will sally forth again and play its seasons in "air-conditioned arenas all over the United States."

Washington's generous Hostess-with-Mostes **Perle Mesta** was sued by a former niece-in-law, Mrs. Idel Tyson (now divorced from Perle's nephew). The charge: Perle had helped haul off \$8,700 worth of household goods from Idel's Washington apartment while Idel was off in Europe.

The traditional squabbling and shrill cries broke out among the also-rans after Iowa's blue-eyed Carol Morris, 20, yare-proportioned (36-25-36) daughter of an Ottumwa minister, was crowned **Miss Universe** in the annual measurement melee at Long Beach, Calif. What especially irked some of the other girls: Carol is the second U.S. contestant to take the title in the past three years. One of the more outspoken Latin beauties, miffed **Miss Chile** (36-24-36), tried her own



KING FEISAL II & FRIENDS
A standout amidst tassels and braid.

United Press

hand at judging. Meowed she: "**Miss Germany**—second—is top-heavy ('40"-22-34). **Miss Sweden**—third—could not recite or speak in public. As for the beauty of some of the others—well . . ."

In the Bavarian mountain resort of Berchtesgaden, where **Adolf Hitler** used to hole up in his eagle's-nest retreat, a small, grey-haired woman of 60 got notice to get out of her \$2,800-a-week room in a shabby row of flats. She was none other than Hitler's sister Paula, who has long gone by the name of Paula Wolf. Paula was not in arrears on her rent, but her landlord seemed to fear that she soon might be. Reason: as the only survivor of Hitler's immediate family, **Fraülein Wolf** has long hoped for a hunk of Hitler's great fortune, but her prospects of getting even a pennig of it have dimmed to the vanishing point. Facing her eviction stoically, Paula indulged in some fond reminiscences of her late big brother: "He was kind to me when father died. He took me to my first opera—*Lohengrin*. But he made me stick to my studies. When we were children, he would tell me that if anyone was unkind to me he would protect me." Had she ever foreseen Hitler's rise to Führer? "No," said she with a smile. "But he was always a man who knew what he wanted." So saying, she turned back to her typewriter and her memoirs.

Britain's most loyal ally in the Middle East, Iraq's young (21) **King Feisal II**, jubilantly showed up at Buckingham Palace for a state visit to a power behind his throne. Flanked by his uncle, **Crown Prince Abdul Illoh**, little Feisal posed for an official photograph, looking delighted as a 21-year-old with his gleaming white uniform, the attention he was getting and the company he was keeping—the **Duke**

of Edinburgh (caparisoned as an Admiral of the Fleet) and **Queen Elizabeth II**, a crownless standout amidst the profusion of feathers, ribbons, tassels and gold braid.

The first and only lady banker in Richmond, Kans. (pop. 200), Democrat **Georgia Neese Clark Gray**, whose signature graced the nation's folding money when she was Treasurer of the U.S. (1949-1953), organized a weekly whistling contest, limited to kids under 16. Reasons: obscure. Prizes: two shiny silver dollars. "I just love to hear the sound of whistling," bubbled Mrs. Gray. "Why be gloomy when you can be cheerful?"

Monaco's most pressing internal problem is, of course, whether **Princess Grace** is pregnant. In Paris **Prince Rainier III** kept his own counsel. But a correspondent for CIP, international Catholic news agency, reported that the Prince's chaplain, Delaware's garrulous Father **Francis Tucker**, had told all: "I see no reason to deny information which will soon be made official."

Aneurin Bevan, the aging *enfant terrible* of the British Labor Party, erupted, as he does periodically, to bellow a complaint against the West's men of God. Cried Nye Bevan: "I solemnly say to the churches of mankind, to the leaders of religion here and in the United States, that they are guilty of blasphemy! They describe the Russians as a nation of God-haters, as a nation of atheists. Well, comrades, strip from your mind all the delusions you are fond of harboring . . . It is from the God-haters that the proposal [to ban H-bombs] has come, and it is by the God-lovers that the proposal has been rejected! Is there any Christian minister who has a reply?"



Associated Press

MISS UNIVERSE
Meows among the also-rans.

MEDICINE

Pins for Polio

While the U.S. as a whole reported 37% fewer cases in the current polio season than last year (2,295 since April 1, as against 3,613), a swift outbreak hit Chicago and suburbs. Almost every hour of every day last week, workers stuck a pin into a wall map in the office of Chicago's Health Boss Herman N. Bundesen. The red pins stood for new cases of paralytic polio, yellow for nonparalytic, black for fatal cases. By week's end there were 268 pins—166 red, 97 yellow, five black (as

outbreak might have been caused by a different strain.

In response to Bundesen's calls, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis shipped in 11,000 hypodermic syringes and needles, and the state supplied another 3,126. The press, radio and TV passed the word: get the children in promptly for free shots. Anxious parents deluged doctors for private shots.

Outside the Board of Health and at three other clinics, working-class mothers lined up with infants in arms and toddlers tugging at their skirts, filed into the emer-



POLIO VACCINATION AT CHICAGO EMERGENCY CLINIC
Red for paralysis, black for death.

United Press

against 39 cases, two deaths, at the corresponding date last year).

Two-thirds of all the victims were under six years old—meaning that they had not been among the 110,000 schoolchildren who got free Salk shots in classroom clinics before vacations began. Of the five dead, three were under six, one was 28, one 34. Twenty-two of the victims had been vaccinated against polio, but most had had only one shot of vaccine, instead of the ideal three spread over seven months.

Most unusual feature of the outbreak ("Not an epidemic," insisted Dr. Bundesen) was its distribution. Poliomyelitis is usually most virulent among the well-scrubbed, well-laundered middle and upper classes. But half of Chicago's cases came from a tenement section on the West Side, inhabited largely by Negro and Puerto Rican immigrants. In such families, most children get mild, undetected polio infections in their early years, and such infections give them immunity for life. One guess: the children stricken had been infected before with polio virus of one paralytic strain, while the current

agency inoculation room. There was plenty of vaccine (156,000 shots), and Bundesen bought 50,000 lollipops to ease the needles' stings.

But by week's end Dr. Bundesen was running out of pins for his map.

The Problem of Pain

What is pain? Everybody knows because everybody has suffered it, but nobody can tell anybody else. Dictionaries are hopeless.* The late Sir Charles Sherrington, who collected no fewer than 22 honorary doctorates for his brilliant researches in physiology, called pain "the psychical adjunct of an imperative protective reflex." That may be fine for another physiologist, but it is no help to a man with a nail through his foot. Al-

though pain is what drives most patients to a doctor, it is the symptom to which, all too often, doctors pay least attention. One good reason: it is the subject about which they know least.

To beam a little light into this area of ignorance, the *Journal of Chronic Diseases* last week devoted its entire issue (110 editorial pages) to pain and its relief. The learned contributing experts are far from unanimous on how to define or measure pain, but they agree on one thing: something should be done about it.

Eskimos Too. The University of Oregon's Dr. Frederick P. Haugen reports that dogs raised from puppyhood in a solitary, restricted environment, so that they cannot hurt themselves or be hurt, do not act as though they feel pain when tested in early maturity. Even Sherrington's "imperative protective reflex" is missing—these animals have to learn to stay away from a hot stove, and it takes repeated burns to teach them. Dr. Haugen comments: "The influence of past experience and learning is evident in any group of patients as one observes the notable differences in their reactions to stress and pain."

Researchers have been busy with the distinction between pain itself and a sufferer's reaction to it. Why does a Szechuan coolie grit his teeth and stifle his cries when, with no anesthetic, his leg is sawed off, while a Madison Avenue accountant man leaps out of his grey flannel suit at the first brrr of the drill on a heavily novocained tooth? Does a Chinese feel pain less than an Occidental? Probably not, according to Dr. James D. Hardy, who (with Dr. Harold G. Wolff and Helen Goodell) pioneered in measuring pain on a "dolorimeter" at New York Hospital. Using a lens to focus the heat from an electric bulb onto a blackened area of skin, Dr. Hardy has compared the "pain thresholds" of whites, Alaskan Indians and Eskimos. The Eskimos' readings were a bit blurred because of language difficulties, but all three racial groups tested said "Ouch!" or its equivalent at the same amount of heat, i.e., when the skin temperature hit 113° F. Yet an Eskimo has been known to hack off his own gangrenous foot to save his leg. The conclusion: the differences between races and cultures must lie in the "psychical adjunct" part of Sherrington's definition—in the reaction to pain, not in the pain as such.

How much pain can a man bear? Nature, says Dr. Hardy, has provided him with a built-in ceiling. On the Hardy-Wolff-Goodell scale, pain is measured in ten degrees of one "dol" each. With their lamp heat, the researchers found that when the skin temperature got to 152° the pain reached its excruciating maximum. After that the pain stayed constant no matter how much heat was turned on. By this reasoning, medieval torturers were wasting their time devising complicated machines to mangle their victims. They could have achieved the maximum of pain with the simplest means.

"An important implication," says Dr.

* Webster makes two painful tries: "(a) A form of consciousness characterized by desire of escape or avoidance, and varying from slight uneasiness to extreme distress or torture. (b) An affection or feeling proceeding from a derangement of functions, disease, or bodily injury." Dorland's *American Illustrated Medical Dictionary* gives up without even a moan: "Distress or suffering."



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Hardy, "is that high-intensity, intractable pain is a physiologic impossibility, and no pain, even at threshold level, can be sustained without remission for long periods of time. So-called intractable pain must therefore be of low intensity, periodic, or must not be truly pain at all, but rather a combination of nonpainful sensations which are interpreted by the individual as unpleasant and unacceptable."

Simple Salt. In the hospital the most frequent and most neglected pain is that of the patient fresh from the operating room, says Baylor University's Dr. Arthur S. Keats. But this pain is by no means universal. He and many other researchers have found that few patients complain of pain after a surprisingly long list of major operations—surgery on the

For the very real pain that follows many operations, and for the kind that so often bedevils the cancer victim, the experts agree that the best drugs are those of the morphine and methadone families. And the necessary doses can often be reduced by combining them with chlorpromazine. But because of addiction problems, the ideal drug to kill pain remains as elusive as the definition of pain itself.

Spinal Joint

When Mrs. Floyd Hutchens, 33, of El Cajon, bore twin sons in San Diego's Grossmont Hospital July 2, they were joined for $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the base of their spines. This is the commonest form of joining in "Siamese" twins, but there was only one case in U.S. medical annals where

the first of the year. To date there have been 121 cases (one death, in Iowa). The victims were from both urban and rural areas, ranged in age from six months to 74. A puzzling feature: no family has had more than one case.

Last week federal and state disease detectives met in Madison, Wis. to pool their clues. But the clues did not add up to an explanation for the outbreak. Public water supplies and fluid milk had been checked and exonerated. The typhoid could not be blamed on a single cause, such as a single batch of perishable food, because such a source would produce a rash of cases in a small area at about the same time.

Said Dr. Harold Graning, Midwest coordinator for the U.S. Public Health Service and chairman of the meeting: "The guilty food product has to be something that was contaminated at one time, then stored with the typhoid germs still living in it, and then distributed. People are still eating this product, which is probably coming out of a warehouse in limited quantities. If the cases start dropping off, we may never solve the mystery."

Capsules

West Virginia, first state to make wholesale use of the mutilating brain operation, lobotomy, in mental-hospital patients (TIME, June 22, 1953), decided to lay aside the knife and see whether it cannot get better results with ataraxic (tranquilizing) drugs. Of 775 patients operated on, 268 have been discharged from hospitals, but the state is not following up the cases to see how they have made out.

Supercharged experts from all over the world met at Oak Ridge, Tenn. to discuss advantages of supervoltage X rays (2,000,000 to 45 million volts) and radio-cobalt devices for treating cancer. The consensus: in many types of cancer they are no better than old-fashioned X rays; in some cases they offer only slight improvement. But they can markedly increase the cure rate in cancers of the mouth, nasal sinuses, brain, esophagus, parotid gland.

Five doctors of osteopathy, full-time employees of the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic in Dallas (TIME, Aug. 9, 1954) were suspended from practice for one year by court order after the Texas State Board of Medical Examiners complained that in associating with Hoxsey they had violated ethics by practicing with 1) a layman, and 2) one convicted of illegal practice at that.

Congress sent to the White House a bill authorizing the Secretaries of the three armed services to commission doctors of osteopathy as military surgeons. Chance that any will be appointed: nil.

In the famed University of Pittsburgh laboratories where the Salk polio vaccine was invented, Dr. Gisela Ruckle, a German emigrant, reported that she had grown 25 generations of the measles virus in test tubes. The virus had hitherto defied domestication; now researchers may be able to make an effective measles vaccine.



HUTCHENS TWINS ON THE OPERATING TABLE IN SAN DIEGO
Doing fine in separate cribs.

head and neck (including thyroid), hand and wrist, genital organs, or after amputation, skin graft, removal of a breast, stripping of a vein, fracture reduction, nailing of a hip or dressing of a burn. The operations most consistently followed by pain are those in the chest and abdominal cavities.

No matter how real the pain, the reaction to it varies vastly with the individual and the circumstances. Boston's Dr. Henry K. Beecher noted in World War II that only one-fourth of the soldiers seriously wounded in battle complained of pain (their wounds meant the end of combat and return to safety); among civilians with comparable wounds produced by surgery, three-fourths complain. When Dr. Keats slipped such patients injections of simple salt solution instead of the narcotic they expected, 43% said that the pain went away. Other patients, told that they were to get "a new drug which was not very good," actually got a wallop of morphine; four out of 21 reported their pain no better, or actually worse, but when they got the salt solution an hour later, they suddenly felt fine.

both twins so joined had survived an operation to separate them.

Last week, aged 17 days, Gary Neil and Larry Dale Hutchens went under the knife. In mid-operation the surgeons found, as they had feared, that the tissues tying the twins together included part of their spinal canals and two sensory nerves. They made the separation anyway, confident that the severed nerves were minor ones and gratified that little blood or spinal fluid was lost in the operation. At week's end Gary and Larry were doing fine in separate cribs and the doctors gave them a good chance to live normal lives.

Typhoid Mystery

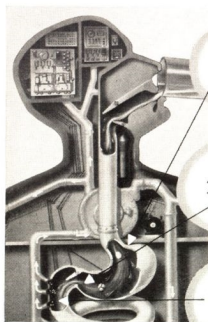
In most of the U.S. most of the time, typhoid is a "dead" disease. Nobody is in much danger of catching it, and doctors rarely look for it. But occasionally the typhoid bacillus (*Salmonella typhosa*), as if to keep its charter in the society of menaces, strikes back. This year a baffling outbreak has spread across three Midwestern states. It hit Minnesota most severely in January, Iowa in April. Wisconsin has had a gradual dose of it since



*Says Arthur Godfrey,
"Take it from me,"*

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RELIGION

Sister Act

When half a dozen nuns, in full habits and gaudy aprons, do a ballet with kitchen utensils, ending up with an imitation of the Rockettes, almost any audience is bound to be impressed. So, last week, were audiences that filled a University of Notre Dame auditorium to watch *The Complaining Angel*, a new musical performed entirely by nuns.

The Complaining Angel was a "harder ticket" than Broadway's *My Fair Lady*—only nuns were admitted to its three performances, staged as a training project by the department of speech for the summer

frankness. When Sister Angelica tells her to stop it, the angel complains: "Do you mean I cannot tell the truth in a convent?" No, says the sister. "Use mental reservation . . . a gimmick invented by the Jesuits. Tell as much of the truth as you think advisable, and mentally reserve the rest."

Convent life whirls on at a bewildering pace and even the mother superior, in her show-stopping song, laments that she can barely keep up with it: "Oh, the very interior life of a Mother Superior/Is not so interior/It's veiled hysteria./The roofs need repairing/The budgets need paring/This pace is driving me wild./If I



R. J. Hennings

CHORUS LINE AT NOTRE DAME

The life interior of a mother superior is veiled hysteria.

school that annually brings some 800 teaching sisters to Notre Dame. "You can't teach a skill if you have never mastered it," explains Drama Teacher Natalie White, who wrote and directed the show. It is her third such sister act, but her first musical, and it was a hearty success. The nuns in the cast wore no makeup and wore their habits throughout the show. The lyrics alone, some authored by a cloistered Poor Clare nun with whom Miss White had to confer through a veiled grille, made many a gimp limp in her audience and dimpled many a wimple.

A Jesuit Gimmick. Heroine of the play is a guardian angel just released from the heroic job of keeping a movie queen out of hell. "Love was a game," she sings of her former charge. "Men were so tame/Like Nashua she ran every race/Though in her prime. She lost every time./But she died in the state of grace."

Sure that being guardian angel to a nun "is a lot more fun/in the race to the state of grace" because all nuns do is pray all day, the angel agrees to change places with her new charge, Sister Angelica, to show her how simple a nun's life really can be. In no time the angel is in hot water with the mother superior for her angelic

get to heaven it's because I made twenty-seven First Fridays when I was a child."

Bucking for Sainthood. A salesman for a religious supply house plagues the sisters with his sales talk for Rosary clickers (to show you where you were when you fell asleep), electric vigil lights ("flip it on for ten minutes on bus or car—gives you a lift for that tired feeling"), rosaries in which "each bead contains Waters of Jordan and a blessed guppy."

The show closes with the angel exhausted and the nuns engaged in a rousing chorus:

No more misdemeanors
No more mortal sins
I'm making novenas
All day on my sins.

I don't want to kneel
in heaven's left field
with minor league prophets and all.

I'm running this race
for a major league place
right up there with Peter and Paul.

I'm bucking for sainthood
I'm praying all day

I'm a-bucking for sainthood
On that glorious ever morious glorious
judgment day.

Five Months in the Garden

In 1957 New York City will be target for one of the biggest evangelistic enterprises of modern times. "In a sense, it has already started," said Billy Graham to a group of friends last week. "Church groups all over the world have begun praying for New York to turn to Christ. We're going to bring ministers from abroad, too, men we've met in our travels, to help with the crusade. We've announced it will last seven weeks—from May 15 to June 30—but as a matter of fact, we have an option on Madison Square Garden for five months running, to be on the safe side."

The Magistrate's Bow

Who is the father of a child conceived by artificial insemination? The man whose semen was used, decided a tribunal of Italian magistrates last week. But in arguing the case, the presiding judge made the point that artificial insemination was a fact of modern life and should be treated as such, rather than as the sin the Roman Catholic Church says it is. "The magistrate cannot accept the church's totally negative views on artificial insemination," he said. "That is the religious viewpoint, but a lay magistrate must see other viewpoints beside the religious."

Next day the Vatican's paper, *Osservatore Romano*, slapped back. "A Roman tribunal has made statements of extreme gravity . . ." it editorialized. "Its statements separate the lay order from religious morals. In a religious nation such as Italy, where the state declared the Catholic religion to be its own religion, the public magistrate cannot but bow to the dictates of that religion."

Reconversion in India

GRAND HISTORIC MASS-CONVERSION CEREMONY, proclaimed posters in a town by the Ganges. Loudspeakers blared that "many Christians tonight will perform a mass return to the religion of their souls."

Only a few reconverts turned up. They sat cross-legged on the grass before pigtailed Brahman pundits for half an hour's chanting of the Vedas, washed themselves with water from the sacred Ganges, and dropped incense on a fire of camphorwood and herbs. "You are again pure," said a swami. "You are once again Hindus."

Trickle into Stream. In such local campaigns India's nationalist Mahasabha Party is doing its best to win back Hindus who have converted to Christianity. So far only a few have trickled back to Hinduism. But this tiny trickle is showing signs of growing into a stream. Next month the Mahasabha begins a nationwide drive for reconversion. And last week a six-man committee appointed by the state of Madhya Pradesh charged that Christian mission activity is "part of a uniform world policy to revive Christendom for the re-establishment of Western supremacy, and is not prompted by spiritual motives." Missions in India are, in effect, subversive, according to the report that was broadcast by the All-India Radio. Only



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Indian citizens, the committee recommended, should be allowed to make conversions. Medical missions should be shut down, and no religious literature should be distributed without government approval.

This is not the first such report. In Hyderabad an investigating group complained of "a deep-rooted conspiracy to establish a Christian kingdom in India." In Indore a commission found missionary work "a smokescreen for the conversion of only poor and backward people," called for tougher regulation of missionaries' activities.

Even Worse Lot. Many of India's 8,000,000 Christians are indeed "poor and backward," *i.e.*, untouchables. These humble folk hoped, by choosing Christianity, to win freedom from the yoke of caste, which confined them to such jobs as cleaning toilets and sweeping up after India's wandering sacred cows. During the days

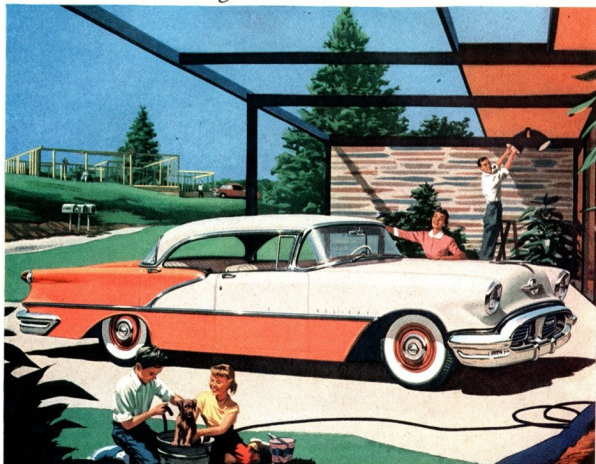


HINDUS BEING PURIFIED
Christianity is subversive.

of the British raj, the untouchables were the best prospects of British missionaries. But Gandhi did much for them ("I would far rather that Hinduism died than that untouchability lived," he said), and now discrimination against an untouchable is punishable by law (\$105 fine and six months in jail).

But 3,000 years of caste dies slowly. In most of India's 560,000 villages, untouchables are still forbidden to enter Brahmins' living areas, use their wells, or watch them eat. Temples are theoretically open to them, but they are still purged with milk—floor, walls, ceilings and idols—after the untouchables leave. Untouchables who have turned Christian often find their lot even worse than before. Shopkeepers may refuse to sell to them, barbers to shave them, and other untouchables sometimes drive them from their wells. This has accelerated the trend back to Hinduism. Hindu sources claim 10,000 reconversions for last year alone.

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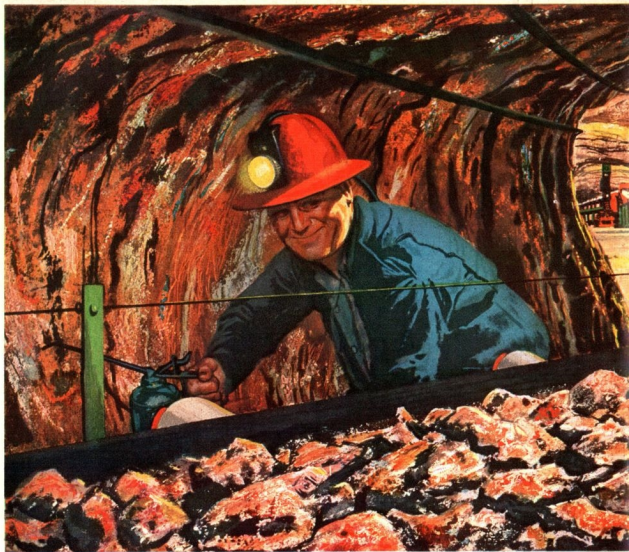
formance of a high-compression 230 h.p. Rocket Engine* . . . together with the solid assurance of *big car* ride and handling ease.

Young folks are discovering they can easily afford an Olds "333" . . . and smart people everywhere are learning that it's an investment that *holds its value!* If you are in a new-car buying mood, *now* is the best time to see your Oldsmobile dealer!

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Up till now you've used shuttle cars to carry the ore to the shaft. However, as the operation stretches out, they become less and less efficient and you're about to go to the usual mine railroad. But the G.T.M. and his friend have other ideas! They want to make yours the world's first *completely trackless* potash mine, with a system of conveyor belts to river-flow the abrasive rock from working face to skip-hoist to refinery—quicker, quieter, safer and cheaper than any other method.

They point out that, while new to you, completely trackless

haulage has worked successfully for years in coal and other types of mines. And they prove it with actual case histories: A coal mine that reduced working and maintenance costs by 75% by eliminating the "idle time" of intermittent haulage. A salt mine that cut man-hours per ton hauled by over 90%. A lead and zinc mine that slashed over-all mining costs by 46%.

These facts plus a detailed analysis of your facilities convince first you, then management, of the advantages of trackless operations. Result: A system is designed and installed totaling some 14,000 feet of belt which, to date, in nearly three years' service, has moved over 2,000,000 tons of ore at costs and maintenance far below expectations. And it's good for years' more service—has made your mine the envy of the industry.



going places!

Another result: You now are a firm advocate of both conveyor belts and the G.T.M. You're convinced conveyorization is the growing answer to many materials handling problems. You're also convinced the G.T.M. is your man on any problem involving industrial rubber and you call on him often, through your Goodyear Distributor or Goodyear, Industrial Products Division, Akron 16, Ohio.

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ARTIST: RICHARD KOZLOW

John Stuart **MILL** on the folly of belittling men

A state which dwarfs its men in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands, even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished.

(*On Liberty*, 1859)

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



RADIO & TELEVISION

Top Ten

The ten most popular TV shows in the U.S. in June, according to the Nielsen ratings:

- 1) *The \$64,000 Question* (CBS)
- 2) *Ed Sullivan Show* (CBS)
- 3) *I Love Lucy* (CBS)
- 4) *The \$64,000 Challenge* (CBS)
- 5) *December Bride* (CBS)
- 6) *Lux Video Theater* (NBC)
- 7) *What's My Line?* (CBS)
- 8) *General Electric Theater* (CBS)
- 9) *Sunday Spectacular* (NBC)
- 10) *Studio One Summer Theater* (CBS)

Religious Hucksters

Religious evangelists pose a peculiar problem for radio and television stations. Many are enormously popular, and some bring religion to the bedridden, the busy, or the lazy. The problem arises because of a built-in difficulty: the TV evangelist cannot pass the plate. If he needs money, he must ask for it. But solicitation over the air is a privilege which can easily be abused. Most stations disapprove of it and some ban it.

Where solicitation is prohibited, some evangelists get around the ban by making a pitch for money indirectly ("We invite your prayerful support. Won't you write us and tell us you are listening?") Where it is not, solicitation may be direct ("You are invited to send your free-will gifts and offerings for the support of this worldwide faith ministry to . . ."). Others use the hard-sell technique ("Mail those contributions now, because we have to pay up our back bill to wonderful KGER. I wish more of you would pledge a dime a day so we won't have to talk money. Keep those tithes coming in"). Whatever the method, the collections are often sensationally profitable. One established evangelist averages \$35,000 weekly.

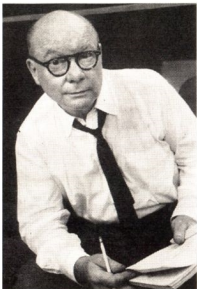
The more frenetic, who seem to be largely concentrated in California, offer radio listeners and TV viewers a number of many-splendored things in return. Faith Healer Leroy Kopp offers "instantaneous and gradual healing" over Los Angeles' KGER. Brother Aubrey Lee asks ailing listeners to place their hands on their radio sets while he intones: "We rebuke that vile disease, Satan, take your vile disease from that body. God bless every one in the household, including old grandma or granddad with that old rheumatism." Inducements offered by others: a plastic cross that glows in the dark ("the glow of God's presence") and, for a certain sum, of course, "a genuine photographed picture of Jesus Christ."

Last week Dr. Clifton E. Moore, director of television for the Los Angeles Presbytery, took to the air himself to warn against the danger of the profiteering electronic evangelist. Said he: "The television industry and the respected denominations in your community have this in common—they both have an enemy. This enemy is the fringe or marginal

preacher. He makes use of the air lanes for his own monetary gains. The religious exploiter [requests] that you write in for a pamphlet or booklet, with the idea that he has your mailing address for . . . solicitations . . . for money. These religious hucksters do untold damage to the church cause. Some of them make thousands, yes, even hundreds of thousands of dollars' profit with no way of knowing where the money goes . . ."

Switch Man

Man on a White Horse rode into view last week on NBC's *Kaiser Aluminum Hour* (alternating Tues. 9:30 p.m., E.D.T.) looking like that familiar figure, the good guy. Strong, silent, and loaded



PRODUCER MINER

The good guy is sometimes bad.

with six-shooters, the good guy (Barton MacLane) had come to ventilate a villain and thereby enable the town's good citizens to live happily ever after. The setting, story and characters were familiar but *Man on a White Horse* took a surprise turn. The good guy, though he wore a sheriff's badge, and shot bad men in the name of the law, proved to be a killer who believed only in the self-righteous rule of the gun. The townspeople who had asked for a savior had got a dictator, an affliction no less oppressive than the one they had been rescued from.

The Unexpected. Such plays, which trap a viewer with the unexpected, are a specialty of cherubic, gravel-voiced Worthington ("Tony") Miner, 55, executive producer of the *Kaiser Aluminum Hour* and one of the most knowledgeable hands with a dramatic show in the television business. "An audience tunes in because we have led them to expect something," says Miner. "Then we hit them and they say, 'This is different,' and they like it that

way too." In a dramatic series, Miner's technique is to do a row of more or less commercial plays, until the audience thinks it knows what to expect. Then he throws in Turgenev's *Smoke*, the Jewish folk drama *The Dybbuk*, or *Julius Caesar* in modern dress. "The result," says Miner, "is that the so-called surefire comedies like *June Moon* and *Boy Meets Girl* drop dead. But *The Dybbuk*, Turgenev and Shakespeare turn out to be the most popular shows of the series."

Yaleman Tony Miner has provided viewers with TV plays about adultery and Lesbianism, introduced them to such new faces as those of Grace Kelly, Eva Marie Saint and John Forsythe, developed such programs as the prize-winning *Medic*. He was a producer-director-writer in the legitimate theater until CBS signed him up for TV in 1939 and gave him a clear-cut assignment: to develop the technique of TV direction and find out how to produce a good TV play. He produced *Studio One*, TV's first good hour-long dramatic show, and pioneered a variety of directorial techniques that now are standard, e.g., achieving variety by sliding from closeups of a face to long shots of a room and back again without a break.

Three for Pattern. For the *Kaiser Aluminum Hour* Miner has gathered around him three of TV's best directors: Franklin Schaffner (*The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*), George Roy Hill (*A Night to Remember*), Fielder Cook (*Patterns*). To keep things lively and viewers expectant in the Miner manner, he plans to alternate psychological thrillers and musicals with such high-level plays as Jean Anouilh's *Antigone*. But his biggest problem is how to beat the opposition, which happens to be, on the show's second half-hour, *The \$64,000 Question*. Says Miner hopefully: "There is an audience that's plenty big and won't go for quiz shows. They'll stick with you if you just manage to surprise them the way they like it. That's what we aim to do."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, July 26. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Climax! (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *The Man Who Lost His Head*, starring Debra Paget, John Ericson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre.

The Lux Video Theater (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). *Miss Mabel*, starring Elsa Lancaster.

NBC Bandstand (Mon.-Fri. 10:30 a.m., NBC). A new musical program.

Tic Tac Dough (Mon.-Fri. 12 p.m., NBC). A new audience-participation show. **Frankie Laine Time** (Wed. 8 p.m., CBS). A new musical show. Guests: Duke Ellington, Patti Page.

RADIO

Conversation (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Detective stories, discussed by Rex Stout, Jacques Barzun, Clifton Fadiman.

Bandstand (Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m., NBC). A new, two-hour live musical show.

EDUCATION

Milton's Choice

When Milton S. Eisenhower abruptly resigned as president of Pennsylvania State University (TIME, June 18), he announced that he would make no decision about his future "until I've had a long fishing vacation." This week the vacation was over. And of the many offers he had received, Milton Eisenhower settled on the most prestigious: president of Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University.

For Johns Hopkins, it was the end of a long search. After President Detlev Bronk quit in 1953 to head the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, kindly Mathematician Lowell Reed came out of retirement at 67 to serve only until the university could find a younger man. Besides its prestige, Johns Hopkins had a special attraction for Dwight Eisenhower's brother: Baltimore is only a 45-minute train ride from Washington. "I shall come," said Milton Eisenhower to his new trustees, "with enthusiasm."

Tonic for Executives

The students were middle-aged and obviously prosperous. Some were balding, and all had the air of men of responsibility. But in all its 68 years, California's Pomona College (enrollment: 1,025) had rarely had a more eager class. They were 25 rising executives, with jobs ranging from blast furnace superintendent to insurance company vice president. They had been sent to Pomona, at company expense, to gulp down as big a dose of the liberal arts as possible in two weeks.

When Chairman Floyd Bond of Pomona's economics department began planning a summer session for executives, his first idea was to set up a stock course in business management. But the more he planned, the more he began to wonder whether that was what the nation's overspecialized executives really needed. "It seemed to me as it did to Emerson," Bond recalls, "that what we want is not lawyers, but men practicing law; not doc-

tors, but men practicing medicine. For a good society, we must have not specialists and broad-gauge people, but specialists who are broad-gauge people." He switched from business to culture, asked a number of California firms if they would be willing to send along a promising official at full salary plus \$100 a week for expenses. The reception was generally enthusiastic. Said one company director: "We thought it was worthwhile to provide managers, who normally have a rather confined technical background, with a broader intellectual base."

Is Man Rational? To get the first students in the proper mood, Bond sent each six books to read—Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*, Robert Heilbroner's *The Worldly Philosophers*, Alfred North Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*, *The New Pocket Anthology of American Verse*, and *Short Story Masterpieces*, edited by Robert Penn Warren and Albert Erskine. Most arrived admitting a bit sheepishly that they had read only two or three. But as the course got under way, interest kindled, and the students' zeal had the professors feeling breathless. From 7:30 a.m., when their day began, until past 11 at night, the middle-aged scholars gobbled up lectures on everything from physics to philosophy, e.g., "Homo Symbolicus or Is Man a Rational Animal?"

The men asked their professors so many questions after each lecture that the morning classes inevitably continued into the afternoon. The campus swimming pool and tennis courts were ignored. They vetoed a theater party in favor of a lecture on astronomy, refused a final social afternoon with their wives for three hours of additional classwork. Though the evening lectures were supposed to end at 9, most adjourned after 11.

\$2.50 or \$10,000. Every meal became an occasion for intellectual talk. "Since the first night," says one student, "we have scarcely talked business to each other—though that was all we had to talk

about the first night." To their own surprise, the biggest hit was the poetry readings by ex-Rhodes Scholar Edward Weismiller. "I pay \$2.50 for a book," said an insurance company vice president, "and I get \$2.50's worth of good out of it. But that Weismiller gets \$10,000 out of the same book." Added Gordon E. Willett, a Farmers Insurance Group office manager: "I used to think that poetry was fine for the other fellow but not for me. Now I know better. I'm the other fellow."

Though the Fund for Adult Education has given Pomona only enough to carry on the program one year, Economist Bond feels that he will have no trouble making the course permanent. At course's end, 22 of the 25 said they would like to come back next year. Said one executive: "The lectures all seem to blend. You can tie in everything—philosophy, economics, poetry and everything. It becomes one ball of wax. If I had to make a choice between this and a vacation, I'd take this."

The Challenge

Russia has allowed few outsiders a real look at its educational system. Generally, Western educators have comfortably assumed that it lags far behind that of the West. But in Geneva last week, at an international conference of top education officials from 74 countries, the chief Soviet delegate, Mme. Ludmila Dubrovina, flatly challenged the U.S. to an educational "competition." If Mme. Dubrovina is to be believed, such a competition would be a good deal tougher than anyone had suspected. Among the recent Soviet advances in education, as listed by Dubrovina:

❑ Russia requires six years of mathematics for pupils between the ages of 11 and 17. It has started a series of "mathematics Olympiads" at which bright students can compete for a "national mathematics championship." Mathematics clubs have sprung up at every level of education.

❑ Starting this fall, every Soviet child will get at least ten years of schooling. The number of technical "specialists" in the country will grow by 600,000 a year. "We will double the number of school buildings," added Mme. Dubrovina, "to take in the extra 4,000,000 pupils under the new obligatory education system."

❑ For selected children the government will open special boarding schools. These will take pupils at the age of seven, may later drop the entering age to two, when children "no longer need maternal care." First mentioned by Party Boss Khrushchev at the 20th Party Congress, the schools are apparently designed, like Nazi Germany's *Adolf Hitler Schulen*, to become the training ground of a new Soviet elite.

After listening to Mme. Dubrovina, U.S. Delegate Finis Engleman, Connecticut's Commissioner of Education, commented: "Our educational standards in mathematics, languages and diplomacy must be raised. But our system is based on the freedom of the individual, and the only course open to us is persuasion and encouragement."



ECONOMIST BOND & STUDENTS
They became the other fellows.

Garrett—Howard



Harold O. Hanson

FARIS & FRIENDS

They knew a name for the fund.

The Jicarilla Trail

In 1918 the Jicarilla Apaches of northern New Mexico seemed destined for extinction. A once proud and unruly people that were among the last to be "pacified" by the white man, they had sunk into a hopeless depression. They watched apathetically while opportunists from outside exploited their land, were so riddled by disease that their number had dropped to less than 600. Then the Bureau of Indian Affairs sent energetic Chester Faris to take over as superintendent. Faris had a way of handling his new charges. "I always made it a rule," says he, "never to tell an Indian what to do. I waited until he told me what he wanted, and then I helped him get it."

Under Faris' unobtrusive leadership, the Jicarillas began to regain their pride. Instead of letting outsiders lease and buy their land, Superintendent Faris persuaded them to cultivate it themselves. They cleared and fenced it, began raising sheep, cattle and horses. They started getting royalties on the lumber they owned. By the time Faris left in 1923, the tribe had begun to increase.

From his home in Albuquerque, to which he eventually retired, Faris kept a watchful eye on his old friends. Last fall they came to him with a new sort of problem. Gas and oil had been discovered on their land, and they could soon expect to have \$7,000,000 in royalties to spend. Last week, on the advice of Nonagenarian Faris, the Tribal Council deposited in the First National Bank of Albuquerque \$1,000,000 in a special trust to ensure the tribe's future. The \$40,000-a-year income it produces will be used as school and college scholarships for the Jicarillas—boys, girls and adults. The largest tribal trust of its kind, it appropriately bears the name: the Chester E. Faris Educational Fund.



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SPORT

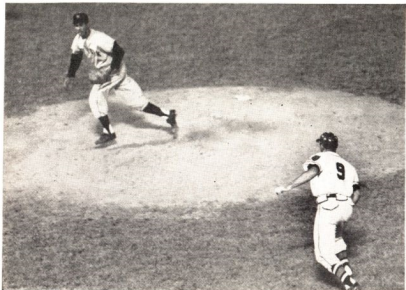
The Great Pastime

How fared the great American pastime last week? Here is how fared the great American pastime last week:

¶ Nicked on the wrist by an inside fast ball, Milwaukee's First Baseman Joe Adcock, on the way to first base, fired back some opinions of the Giants' Pitcher Ruben Gomez. Righthander Gomez, who combines a fast lip with his fast ball, replied in kind, and Adcock charged toward the mound. Gomez once more put his faith in

crisp left. Encouraged by a Cincinnati judge, the two battlers shook hands and made up. "But I still haven't got my two teeth back," complained the fan.

¶ Reluctant to miss out on all the seat-selling notoriety, Cincinnati's General Manager Gabe Paul announced that Dodger pitching was a lot better than the rest of the league's batters seemed to think. Paul accused Brooklyn's Sal Maglie of warming up by firing fast balls at the scoreboard clock in Crosley Field. The clock stopped. "Officials of the Brooklyn



GIANT GOMEZ RUNNING FROM BRAVE ADCKOCK
A fast thigh one.

United Press

his pitcher's arm. His aim was ornery and his control was only fair—this time he hit Adcock on the thigh. But Gomez did not wait for the call; he turned tail and scuttled for the clubhouse. For a few minutes both teams milled about the Giants' bench, unminding the organist's emergency rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Then the game went on (Giants 8, Braves 6). Big Joe Adcock, fined \$100 for his part in the skirmish, offered to shake hands and forget about it. Fleet-footed Ruben was set down for three days and fined \$250—but that was the least of his worries. For as long as he stays in baseball, Ruben's ears will vibrate to the taunt, "Run! Run! Run!"

¶ Irked by the poor showing of his 1955 world champions (six games out of first place at week's end), Manager Walter Alston gave them an angry dressing down, called them gutless, and somebody leaked the word to sportswriters. Later, to a man, the Brooklynians denied that good old Walt had called them any such thing. That did not put the touchy word on ice. When a Cincinnati fan subtly applied the same epithet to the Dodgers' Centerfielder Duke Snider ("Whatsamatter Duke, you gutless?"), the Duke answered with a sharp,

club being advised of this act of 'senior delinquency.' " said Paul—and they are also getting the repair bill.

¶ Lest the American League be overlooked, Red Sox Slugger Ted Williams walloped his 400th home run in a game with the Kansas City Athletics, then expressed his pleasure by spitting at the assembled writers in the press box. Just in case it was misunderstood, Ted repeated his hit-and-spit performance a few days later. Reaching automatically for their record books, the sportswriters credited Ted with a new major-league record for public expectation.

All (\$5,500,000) for Fun

For as long as he can remember, Fred Knorr has been in love with baseball. But as a kid on the sandlots of Detroit, he broke his thumb and spent most of his time on the sidelines. Later, at Hillsdale (Mich.) College, he had to turn in his uniform and spend his spare time working for his tuition. Last week, at 42, Fred Knorr finally decided that he would never make the team. So he did the next best thing. He bought one—the Detroit Tigers.

An ex-sports announcer who has al-

ready earned enough money to buy himself part of four Michigan radio stations (WKMH, WKMF, WSAM, WKHM), Fred Knorr organized an eleven-man syndicate (including Crooner Bing Crosby, who is also vice president of the Pittsburgh Pirates), bought the Tigers from the estate of the late Walter O. Briggs Sr. for \$5,500,000, with a promise to keep present President Walter O. ("Spike") Briggs Jr. on the payroll as executive vice president. No one ever paid more for a major league team. (Previous record: \$4,550,000, paid by Brewer August A. Busch for the St. Louis Cardinals and ballpark in 1953.) For their money, Fred Knorr and his friends got an arguable bargain: a ball club with vague promise and an all too real position in the second division of the American League. But Fred Knorr was not in the least doubtful about his purchase. "Detroit is the best baseball town in the country," said he, "and one reason we bought the Tigers was to have some fun."

Winning Waters

Bilious blue bloods and asthmatic aristocrats have sipped the strong waters of La Bourboule for centuries. The heady brew bubbling up from radioactive springs around the French spa is spiced with arsenic and bicarbonate of soda and, so the Bourboulens say, is good for anemia, rheumatism, diabetes, postprandial bloating, intermittent fevers and a host of other ailments. Sooner or later, shrewd Gallic *hôtels* were sure to figure that what is good for man is also good for beasts. One fellow with the soul of a pressagent finally hit on the thought that a swig or two from La Bourboule's springs might change a candidate for the horse butchers into a stakes-winning thoroughbred.*

Hot & Cold Care. Bourboule businessmen promptly hired Gentleman Jockey André Bruneau. Loaded with Bourboule cash and blessed with a sharp eye for not-too-sick selling platers, Bruneau bought a four-year-old bay named Pyrame, a short-winded chronic wheezer with an unimpressive record on the track. A special stall was built half a mile from La Bourboule's best spring, outfitted with hot and cold running water plus steam pipes, and Pyrame began the cure.

Daily at 5 a.m., the horse was stuffed into a stall heated to 105° F., subjected to half an hour's isolation in a dank fog of spring-water steam. As if that were not enough, tubes were shoved into his mouth and vapor blown down his throat. Later, through a rubber mask over nostrils and mouth, he was forced to inhale more of the curative minerals. After an hour of cooling stall-walking, Pyrame was led out

* An idea that is not uncommon among U.S. horse trainers. Nashua, the millionaire thoroughbred, along with many a competitor, shuns tap water, drinks only Mountain Valley Water, a bottled mineral elixir from Hot Springs, Ark. Some trainers think the spring water tastes better to horses, is good for equine kidneys. Horses are occasionally shipped to Hot Springs itself, where they can run at Oaklawn Park while taking heavy dosages on home ground.



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Who's a Fool? At first the treatment left Pyrame too weak even to work up a thirst. But having led their horse to their esteemed water, the Bourbonliou made him drink. By last week he was taking his medicine like a man, frisking around almost like a race horse. Just about everybody was overjoyed, impatient for the day when they could get down a bet—everybody, that is, but the local Poujadists. They plastered the town with posters: "Bourbouliou, whom are they making a fool of? If poor little Pyrame is wheezing or broken-winded, there's a way to deal with him—slaughter him! . . . Bourbonliou, are you going to remain untouched when thermal services are frankly insufficient for adults as well as children?"

La Bourboule's entrepreneurs, apparently, are thoroughly untouched by the Poujadists' complaints. They are already planning to enter Pyrame in September race meetings. If he runs well, they intend to open branch spas at the tracks at Maisons-Laffitte and Chantilly.

Scoreboard

¶ Ribot, the barrel-chested, four-year-old Italian wonder horse, unbeaten in his 13 previous starts, had his work cut out to put away the Queen's own High Veldt and win the \$78,820 King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, richest race on British turf. Once the runt of the stables of Marchese Mario Incisa della Rochetta, Ribot has now earned \$195,000, and his short, ungainly frame looks so attractive to foreign horsemen that the marchese has received offers up to \$1,428,000 for him, a world-record price for any race horse. But Ribot has been designated a live and kicking "national monument," may not be sold outside his homeland. The disappointed marchese has decided to retire him to stud.

¶ A stubbed little toe—the result of indulging in the unusual pastime of trying to place-kick a hefty chunk of cinder block—caused University of Washington Sophomore Anne Quast, 18, considerable pain, but she limped through the 36-hole final of the women's Western amateur championship at the Guyan Country Club in Huntington, W. Va. to beat Defending Champion Pat Lesser 4 and 3.

¶ For almost ten hours Toronto's Cliff Lumsden and California's Tom Park swam shoulder to shoulder around Abasco Island (N.J.), fighting for first place in Atlantic City's 26-mile salt-water marathon. They churned to the finish line like sprinters, but as Lumsden touched out Tom Park, the fickle crowd was looking elsewhere. Just ahead of the two men, Denmark's beautiful Greta Anderson, 29, first of the women competitors (who started half an hour before the men) was struggling back into the top of her bathing suit so that she could leave the water. Patient fans even waited for sixth-place Muriel Ferguson, 19, and platinum-haired Greta Patterson, 18, who finished eleventh. Both girls had chosen to go the distance in the nude.

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THE PRESS

Conquest

To the British press, which looks down its nose at the excitability of American reporters, the time had clearly come when it was permissible to throw off all restraint: Marilyn Monroe had landed in England. As she walked into the London Airport lounge, wearing ranks of straining newsmen swept forward, flung aside a police contingent and sent the cinema star flying disheveled behind a counter alcove for refuge. Reporters called hoarsely, hats and notebooks fell underfoot, cameramen jostled, someone bellowed: "Call out the riot squad." Finally, protected by a bar and a police bodyguard, Actress Monroe answered a few questions. But it was enough. Headlined the *Sunday Graphic*: **MARILYN SENDS 'EM CRAZY.**

Next day she held an hour-long interview with 250 pressmen jammed into the chandeliered River Room of London's Savoy Hotel. Reported *Daily Telegraph* Newshen Winifred Carr, dolefully: "I've had my eyes well and truly opened about men, after watching a roomful of the most critical, cynical and sophisticated males in town, hard-bitten journalists, act like adolescents. Even those who had come to sneer were hanging on her words like impressionable schoolboys and laughing at her wit before she had completed a sentence." Glowed the *Daily Mirror*: "Marilyn Monroe, the sleek, the pink and the beautiful, captured Britain."

It was a wholehearted surrender; scarcely a journal—left, right, highbrow or lowbrow—held out. "Gentle, soothing and intriguing," breathed the *Manchester Guardian*. The *Daily Express* chuckled at the press-conference repartee: "Q. 'What specific Beethoven symphonies interest you?' A. 'I have a terrible time with numbers. I know it when I hear it.'"

The *Daily Mail* gasped at her "diplomacy, mischief, bubbling sense of fun." The *New Chronicle's* Percy Cudlipp, finding prose inadequate, turned and with a side glance at Playwright-Husband Arthur Miller penned a parody of *Hierawatha* titled *Highbrowarthur's Honeycomb*.

*And she murmured soft endearments,
And she talked of Dostoevsky . . .
As they landed at the airport*

*Braves in blue restrained the tribesfolk
Held at bay the howling pressmen . . .
Some there were who liked her front
view;*

*Some more partial to the back view.
Others strove to take her sideways
Thus to get the best of both worlds . . .
And the grateful British public
Rose rejoicing from its breakfast.*

The staid weeklies enthused as much as the daily press. Wrote *Pharos* in the *Spectator*: "She was in fact as intelligent as she was pleasant as she was pretty." The *Sunday Observer* thoughtfully wrote that "the total effect is a personality that is curiously lovable because whether in life or on the screen it is so remote from

any form of viciousness or meanness."

Only the august *Times* held out, printing not a word of the Monroe presence in London. It was promptly taken to task in the double-domed, socialist *New Statesman and Nation*: "The *Times* is a newspaper—indeed, according to some, still the greatest newspaper in the world. And a newspaper ought at least to mention an event which clearly excites and interests



UNITED PRESS

MARILYN & BRITISH NEWSMEN
Sophisticates became adolescents.

a very large number of people and by reason of that fact alone has some place in the social history of our time."

At week's end the *Times* finally capitulated in its own way and in a long editorial explained that it meant no offense: "On the whole, it looks as though there were much to be said for our national habit of reading the books, looking at the pictures, listening to the music, and letting the personalities behind them get on with their job of being human beings as quietly as possible."

Pressure Play

"Our Southland," said John Howard O'Dowd to his fellow South Carolinians, "is becoming a place where nonconcurrency with the established orthodoxy is cause for rejection and social ostracism." As editor of the Florence, S.C. *Morning News* (circ. 14,219), young (29) O'Dowd knew whereof he spoke. Because he had broken "the established orthodoxy" by calling for moderation on the desegregation issue, O'Dowd was pressured into dropping the whole subject of racial integration from the *News's* editorial page (Time, April 2).

Nevertheless, threats against O'Dowd and his family and pressure on the newspaper, which his father, 68, had published since 1912, only increased. Last week

Jack O'Dowd resigned "for my own good and the good of the paper." Next month he will join the staff of the Chicago *Sun-Times* as a reporter. Said O'Dowd regretfully: "I'm certain that the *News* no longer will buck racial feeling."

On Again

When the cold war slid farther below freezing in 1952, two victims of frostbite were *Amerika*, a Russian-language monthly magazine distributed in the Soviet Union by the U.S., and *U.S.S.R. Information Bulletin*, its English-language counterpart in the U.S. Last week, with the cold war's thaw, both magazines were starting up again.

This posed no problems for the U.S. Information Service. It selected some text and color spreads from current U.S. picture magazines and prepared to pour 50,000 copies of *Amerika* into Russia's state-run distribution system. But the Reds had plenty of trouble with publishing in the U.S.

The Russians were turned down by the first 13 U.S. printers they tried to lure, finally got the State Department to swing a deal with Manhattan's small Hemisphere Press. Even then there were snags. The Russians balked at the standard U.S. "Act of God" contract clause absolving printers in case of natural catastrophes, such as floods and earthquakes. Snapped a Red editor: "Put in anything you want—earthquakes, fires, even the atom bomb. But leave God out of it." Later, when TV camera crews descended on Hemisphere Press for news program shots, a Red editor groaned: "This competition thing got me all upset. I couldn't understand why two television cameras had to be in our print shop—one from NBC, the other from CBS. They were both taking the same pictures."

Finally, with the U.S. State Department bulldozing a path ahead, everything was straightened out. In Moscow this week, 50,000 copies of the new *Amerika*, looking much like the old, will go out to Russian readers as soon as U.S.S.R. hits U.S. newsstands (2¢ a copy). Big and color-splashed, the 64-page, slick-paper U.S.S.R. follows the pattern of most high-class U.S. picture magazines. On the cover is a four-color shot of President Eisenhower chatting with Soviet Premier Bulganin at Geneva, and inside the Reds are on their best brochuremanship. Starting off with a plea by Bulganin for "mutual understanding," U.S.S.R. goes on to present an interesting if rose-tinted peek at Soviet life, with articles on Russia's new TU-104 jet airliner, pictures of Moscow's famed ballet, stories on peaceful use of the atom in Russia (including the building of an atom-powered icebreaker), on Red farming, athletics, movies, some poetry, a few cartoons.

After their early experiences, the Russians have no illusions about getting their message across to U.S. readers. Says Deputy Editor in Chief Peter Khlopikov: "It's very hard to sell a magazine here—even a Soviet one. This requires real promotion."

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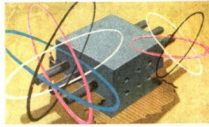
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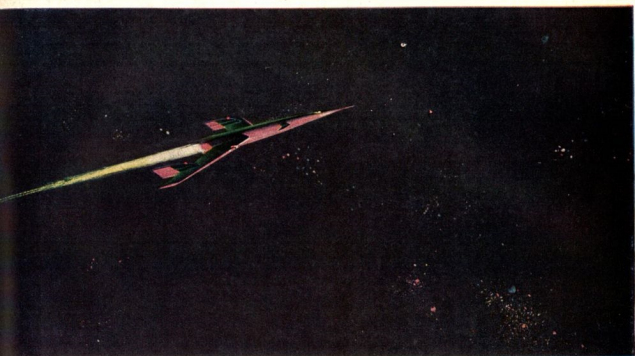


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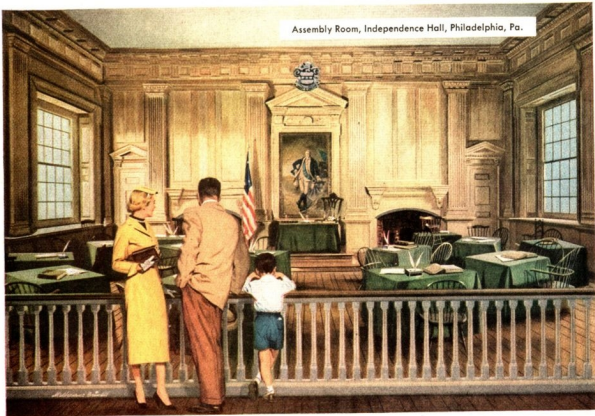
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MUSIC

Top Seller

French record fans were quivering last week to the cacophonous cadences of a Gallicized rock-'n'-roll number named *Dis-Moi Qu'Tu M'Aimes Rock* (Tell Me That You Love Me Rock). Ostensibly written by a U.S. rock 'n' roller named Mig Bike, the song is actually the latest and loudest product of a reedy, bespectacled 24-year-old named Michel Legrand. Although the people who buy his records have only recently become aware that he exists, Composer-Conductor Legrand has in the last three years become one of the most successful popular musicians in France and a top seller on both the U.S. and French record markets.

He has done so without the benefit of personal notoriety. The son of a vaudeville conductor, Legrand was packed off to the Paris Conservatory at ten. There he studied to become a serious composer, took to accompanying and arranging for popular singers to help pay his way. As the demand for his arranging talents grew, he formed his own combo (tuba, banjo, drums and piano), which he expands to a full orchestra as the need arises. He scored his first big recording success in 1954, when Columbia commissioned him to arrange and do an orchestral recording of an album of schmaltzy favorites to be issued under the title *I Love Paris*.

The result was a low-key blend of strings and muted brasses which sounded as smooth as cream and went down with the public just as easily. The album is still Columbia's popular bestseller outside the jazz field. (It is behind Dave Brubeck but ahead of the albums of such old stand-bys as Frank Sinatra, Paul Weston and Les Elgart.) Legrand followed it up with a series of mood collections on Euro-



Israel Shinker

FRENCH HUNTING HORN GROUP

With a husky hollow, stags stagger and hounds bound.

pean capitals (*Holiday in Rome, Castles in Spain, Vienna Holiday*) which, with his first album, have sold upwards of 400,000 albums.

While he was becoming France's best-selling composer and conductor, Legrand remained virtually unknown to the buying public, partially because he was not clearly identified with any single popular school. Maurice Chevalier changed that, when he hired Legrand to conduct the orchestra on one of his series of U.S. TV Spectaculars last spring. Legrand's loose-jointed, flop-haired conducting style intrigued TV audiences, and when he returned to Paris, he was greeted by a crowd (and a batch of publicity handouts depicting him as a man who had taken the U.S. by storm). Since then, Legrand has worked an around-the-clock schedule. He will compose and conduct two pieces for Stuttgart's festival of popular music, has agreed to compose and arrange the music for Roland Petit's fall variety show and to co-star with Chevalier in a 13-week stand at the Théâtre Alhambra. But he still casts a wistful look back at the classical career he planned for himself. "It's difficult to be a composer of serious music," he says. "You have to be convinced that you're terrific, or you're nothing. It's not the same as popular music."

Lung Lacerators

According to legend, King Charles IX of France was brought to his deathbed by his passion for sounding lung-lacerating hallos on the hunting horn. True or not, the fine art of horn blowing was for generations a popular musical diversion of Europe's landed aristocracy and an accepted measure of the virility of its practitioners (Louis XIII boasted he could blow a whole day without weakening). Although blue-blooded huntsmen have long lamented the passing of the horn's heartier days, few have addressed them-

selves to the problem with the energy of Belgium's 59-year-old Baron Marcel Schaezen de Schaezenhoff. Last week the Baron invited some of the leading horn groups of Europe to a Grand Festival of Hunting Horns and Venery* held at his 18th century Château de Laarne near Ghent.

The horns taken by the players to Laarne are the direct descendants of the circular *trompe de chasse* developed in France toward the middle of the 17th century. The present-day horn is a 4.54 meter-long conical brass tube wound three times around and flaring from the mouth-piece to a fat bell. Pitched to the key of C, the horn sounds a plaintive, husky call which on good days may ride the wind for a mile or more.

Waltzes & Polkas. The original horn fanfares were used to signal the different stages of the hunt to riders in the field, e.g., stag at bay, hounds hunt a game unknown, withdrawal from the field. Under Louis XV horn players became more ceremonious, began to specialize in elaborate fanfares signaling such things as the "Salute to the Queen" and the appearance of "The Ladies' Carriage." The ladies were provided with their own little horns with which to answer the buks in the field. By the 18th century horn buffs were experimenting with waltzes, mazurkas and polkas. In some of the orchestras of the day, the hunting horn was given high, florid parts totally beyond the lung capacity of most modern players.

Although the hunting horn has long since disappeared from the symphony orchestra (where the French horn does the horn calls, e.g., Wagner, Bach and Beethoven), its music is still kept alive by dedicated amateur groups such as the Parisian Le Cercle Dampierre et Bien

* From old French: the art, act or practise of hunting, the sports of the chase.



Jean Marquis—Magnum

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Allé^o which turned up at Laarne last week. For the 200-odd such groups scattered throughout Europe, three French manufacturers produce some 400 hunting horns a year at about \$35 apiece.

Blasted Out. The chorused fanfare of a horn group (ranging from six to eleven members) is deafening, as the audience at Laarne discovered. The day's festivities began with a Hunter's Mass at the Laarne Chapel, at which pink-coated, black-booted horn players substituted for the organ and choir at the service, and all but blasted the congregation from their seats. On the lawn afterwards, the groups lined up in traditional V-formations, took turns tooting their bulge-checked way through an intricate variety of fanfares. It was a glorious afternoon for the horn players but a somewhat puzzling one for the modern audience. When they began wandering aimlessly across the château grounds as the concert went on, nobody could think of a fanfare to recall them to their seats.

Criticism by Machine

Is there any truly objective way to judge the technical prowess of a pianist? Most critics think not, but a 33-year-old Polish-born pianist named Jan Holcman believes there is, and that he has found the way. To prove it, in a cluttered Manhattan studio he was hard at work last week submitting the recordings of more than 200 of the century's topflight pianists to a microscopic scrutiny, with the aid of one of the most intricate amplifying and recording units ever devised.

A pianist's tempo, his accuracy and his faithfulness to the score, Holcman points out, can be determined easily enough by reference to a metronome and a variety of counting and electronic devices. What his machine adds, says Holcman, is a better method of studying the way in which a pianist carries through his conception of a musical composition. "In a scale passage," he explains, "you have symmetry of timing—whether the notes follow each other at even intervals or not. Then there is the symmetry of dynamics—does the pianist use balanced intensity in striking each key?" To illuminate these and similar aspects of piano playing, Holcman constructed his elaborate electronic equipment.

Arms That Hover. Electronic engineers were skeptical that the machine he wanted could be made, but Holcman got a stipend from Brown University, spent three months assembling by hand his recording analyzer. Its electronic heart is a variable-speed double turntable equipped with tone arms that will hover indefinitely over a given groove at the touch of a button. This feature permits Holcman to compare, phrase by phrase, recordings of the same composition by two different pianists. When he slows the recordings down, technical flaws such as slurred passages and the dragging of the left hand behind the right (a common failing of



PIANIST HOLCMAN
Who cares about clicks and dust?

even the best pianists) become glaringly apparent.

So far, Holcman has submitted some 1,600 records and a multitude of player-piano rolls and tapes to this kind of analysis. He lacks no more than a score of records important to his collection, e.g., Walter Gieseking playing Liszt's *Twelfth Rhapsody* and samples of the playing of Alexander Michalowski and Eugene d'Albert. Holcman uses 78 r.p.m. recordings, disdains LPs because they are "pianistically misleading." The engineers dub and glue in to cover mistakes, he explains. No hi-fi fan, Holcman has even been known to put a broken record together with Scotch tape and cheerfully play it, clicks and all. "If you know what you're listening for, surface noise makes no more difference than a little dust on the window."

Inhumanly Perfect. Now that he has tested so many, how do the pianists measure up, in terms of the success with which they carry out their musical conceptions? Unquestionably the greatest, Holcman feels, is Polish Pianist Josef Hofmann, now 80 and retired. His musicianship, when he was in his prime, was "inhumanly perfect," says Holcman. Among those he places close behind Hofmann: Rachmaninoff, Lhevinne, Busoni, Gieseking, Friedman, Horowitz and Landowska. How do they compare with the younger generation? There are many more good pianists now, Holcman feels, but no giants. "They have the technique," he says, "but they are inhibited about presenting their own interpretations."

Holcman plans eventually to incorporate his observations in a 1,000-page study of 20th century keyboard technique, as a guide to students and teachers. "Many musicians and critics don't know what they like," he says. "I myself made cardinal errors in criticism before perfecting my machine. I want to provide a new basis for judgment."

© The Marquis de Dampierre served as "Gentleman of Hunts and Pleasures" for Louis XV, and composed numerous horn fanfares.



"More here than meets the eye. Miss Frances Bethune, Employers Mutuals' consulting nurse, is pictured here with Mrs. Ann Weaver, a Delta Air Lines, Inc. nurse. They are examining a worker's eye under a magnifying glass.

"A lady of tireless energy, Miss Bethune travels over the southeast advising and con-

sulting with various industries about what she terms 'preventive medicine for industry.' She sets up first aid centers, advises about equipment and helps locate nurses. She has a personal interest in making every plant she visits a safer, better place in which to work. I was interested in discovering how much women like her do for industrial progress."



"The cutter is for wood—not fingers. Vencer cutting is a hazard for fingers. Warren Brown, an Employers Mutuals' safety engineer, saw this problem at the Georgia Lumber and Vencer Company. He recommended a new guard design. Warren is shown at right with Allen Mills who is happy there has been no accident since the guards were installed. I understand it is this kind of safety work that means lower workmen's compensation insurance costs for Employers Mutuals' policyholders."

"I found a little bit of Wausau away down south in Dixie"



"Putting out a fire before it starts. I learned that one of the services of Employers Mutuals is their fire protection engineers. Bob Giddens is one of them. He's shown here, at left, with Harry E. Ross, Jr., chief architect for Southern Engineering Company. What they're doing is 'creating a low fire insurance rate for a building right from the architect's model.' Bob's file of letters from policyholders who now enjoy his 'pre-shrunk fire insurance rates' is evidence of his good work."

A WAUSAU STORY

by ED BLAIR, Award-Winning Atlanta News Reporter, WAGA-TV



"A reporter is always looking for the human interest angle in a story. Business stories seldom have it. But I found an exception in the Wausau story. Wausau is a fairly small community up in the hunting and fishing country of Wisconsin. They say you can almost hear the fish splash from any downtown building and if you look sharp you can see a deer. It's the kind of place city folks dream about when the going-home traffic gets snarled. I hear that the people there are just about as nice and friendly as you'd ever want to meet. They conduct business in that spirit, too.

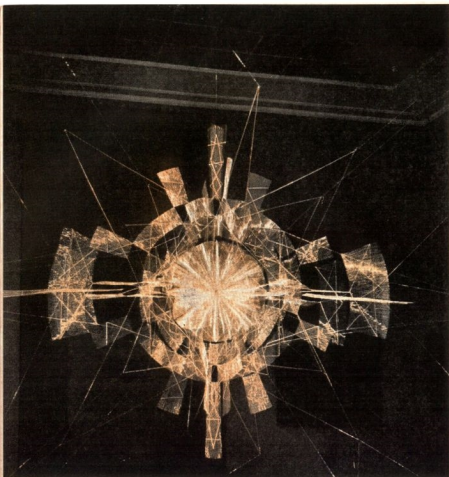
"As Bill Daily, manager of the Employers Mutuals Southeastern Branch in Atlanta, put it—'doing business with Wausau people is as pleasant as going to their home for a Sunday fried chicken dinner.' I think you'll get the Wausau idea from reading the three stories under the pictures on this page."

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LIPPOLD'S "VARIATION WITHIN A SPHERE, NO. 10: THE SUN"

ART

Surprise Packages

Two U.S. museums have taken the wraps off their latest acquisitions, revealing summer surprises that rank high as novelties and hold their own as modern art.

¶ In Manhattan last week the Metropolitan Museum proudly unveiled a brand-new, glittering gold-wire construction that at first glance looked like a jumbo-sized

Christmas-tree decoration from Cartier's: U.S. Sculptor-Welder Richard Lippold's *Variation Within a Sphere, No. 10: The Sun*. For the Met, which specially commissioned *The Sun*, Lippold outdid himself, labored three years putting together, with 14,000 hand-welded joints, almost two miles of 22-carat gold-filled wire. Hung by stainless steel wires in one of the Met's Oriental-rug rooms, *The Sun* measures 22 ft. long, 11 ft. high and 5½ ft. deep.



PICASSO'S "MONKEY AND HER BABY"

BROWSER'S PRIZE

BROWSING through an antique shop off London's Bond Street a few years ago, Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum Director James J. Rorimer came across a metal bust that caught his expert eye. Recalls Rorimer: "It was filthy with grime, tarnished, painted with a darkened varnish, and the face was covered with several layers of flaking paint." When he opened the bust's hinged miter, he saw that the inside was of carefully hammered silver. Concluded Rorimer: "There could be no doubt that here was an Italian 15th century reliquary bust."

For less than \$1,000, Rorimer carted the bust off to the U.S. In the Met's workshop, Director Rorimer and his staff carefully cleaned off the layers of paint, found underneath the gleaming silver features of an unknown bishop whose miter was handsomely jeweled (see opposite). The enameled coats of arms and Latin inscriptions on the bust

further identified the piece as a work commissioned by the great Italian Humanist Poggio Bracciolini and his wife Vaggia. A search of the records brought out the fact that about 1438 Poggio had indeed given to the Church of Santa Maria in his native village of Terranuova, south of Florence, a reliquary for the bones of St. Lawrence, one of Rome's most popular saints (who refused to surrender the church's treasures and in 258 was supposed to have been roasted to death on a gridiron).

One day Rorimer hopes to identify the sculptor who made the bust (now on show at the Cloisters, the Met's outpost on the Hudson River). He wonders if it might be the work of famed Renaissance sculptor Donatello, known to have been one of Poggio's close friends. But for the moment, he says, "we must remain content to have brought back from oblivion a masterpiece of the 15th century."



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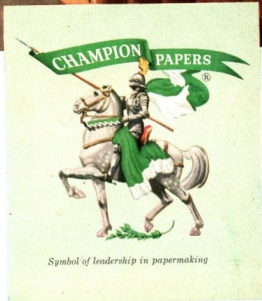
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SCIENCE

Measured Fall-Out

The exact implication of a few cryptic sentences by Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis L. Strauss will long be debated in scientific, military and diplomatic circles, but their gist was clear: the U.S. had found a way to control, at least in some measure, the deadly and indiscriminate fall-out produced by large nuclear explosions.

"Real progress," said Strauss last week, "has been made with respect to . . . achievement of maximum effect in the immediate area of a target with minimum widespread fall-out hazards."

"It has been confirmed that there are many factors, including operational ones,

sumably refer chiefly to the altitude at which the weapons are exploded. The 1954 H-bomb test that made "7,000 square miles of territory . . . so contaminated that survival might have depended on prompt evacuation" (according to the AEC's own reports) was exploded on a tower on a small coral island. Its fireball dug a deep crater and tossed millions of tons of pulverized coral into the air. This material, made highly radioactive by contact with the fireball, was the poisonous "atomic snow" that settled on boats, islands and water 220 miles away.

The high-yield H-bombs of the current test program were dropped from aircraft and exploded high above the surface. Thus their fireballs did not concentrate their

explosion produce fission products that are less radioactive, or that lose their activity before the fall-out reaches the ground.

It is more likely that something has been done to control the bomb's free neutrons. One device would be to make sure that the bomb's casing and mechanism do not contain material that is made radioactive by neutrons. Another would be to provide material that soaks up neutrons without becoming dangerously radioactive itself.

A third possibility is that "clean" H-bombs may not rely on fission at all. The mighty bomb of 1954, although involving a fusion (hydrogen) reaction of some sort, got most of its energy from fissioning uranium, and therefore produced a gigantic amount of fission products. The latest models may be designed to use only a little fissioning uranium for a detonator,



HIGH-YIELD EXPLOSION AT BIKINI, MAY 1956
The pattern of death may be more precise.

J. R. Evermore—Life

which do make it possible to localize, to an extent not hitherto appreciated, the fall-out effect of nuclear explosions.

"Thus, the current series of tests [in the Pacific] has produced much of importance, not only from a military point of view, but from a humanitarian aspect. We are convinced that mass hazard from fall-out is not a necessary complement to the use of large nuclear weapons."

The Army's Lieut. General James M. Gavin recently alarmed all Europe by predicting that an all-out nuclear attack on the Soviet Union might kill several hundred million people, as the fall-out drifted capriciously with the wind, falling on friend and foe alike. If the AEC has achieved a "large nuclear weapon" with greatly reduced fall-out, it will enable area strategists to lay down their pattern of death with greater precision, make the H-bomb a far more useful military weapon. A bomb exploded, for instance, over a Polish air base would be less likely to depopulate Berlin.

Operational Factors. The AEC did not explain how it controls H-bomb fall-out, but it pointed the way to some speculation. Strauss's "operational factors" pre-

fury on a small area of coral, but spread it over miles of water. As a result, not much pulverized material was carried upward. The total radioactivity produced by such a bomb may be large, but most of the potential fall-out is distributed high in the stratosphere in the form of extremely fine particles or even single molecules. Such impalpable stuff is slow to fall. Not much would fall in any one place, and its strength would be much reduced by mere passage of time.

"Clean" Bombs. The Strauss statement implies, however, that H-bombs have been made "clean" by something besides "operational factors." Nuclear pundits are already speculating about how the bombs themselves may have been changed so as to yield less fall-out.

The radioactivity produced by a nuclear explosion comes chiefly from two sources: 1) fission products (fragments of plutonium or uranium atoms) and 2) free neutrons, which enter atoms of many common elements and make them radioactive. It does not seem likely that much can be done to reduce the total quantity of the fission products. But bomb physicists may have learned how to make the

and to get the bulk of their energy from a fusion reaction whose end product is a stable element such as helium. In that case they need produce hardly any fall-out.

"Clean" H-bombs may be unusually expensive, and not necessarily ideal in the case of an all-out nuclear war. A good strong fall-out enables a few explosions to put a whole nation out of action, and is therefore a military weapon too valuable to ignore. Fall-out can be maximized as well as minimized, and more easily. Presumably, the AEC has given at least theoretical attention to this possibility too.

What to do About Sharks

From the first days of seafaring man, the shark has been dreaded as a killer. The dread was based more on hearsay than actual experience. Few men had ever been attacked by them; fewer still lived to tell the tale. Advice on what to do in the presence of a lurking shark was flatly contradictory: one school held that the swimmer should hold still and keep quiet; the other said churn wildly and shout. During World War II thousands of seamen and downed airmen came within reach of the shark's sinister jaws. With air traffic over

open water becoming heavier every day, the U.S. Air University painstakingly collected the reports of survivors, has issued a manual called *Airmen Against the Sea*. Included is an elaborately documented and knowledgeable report on the shark's way with a man in the water. Only 38 of the 2,500 survivors examined mentioned actual contact with sharks. But the figure is misleading: "When sharks are successful," notes the report, "they leave no evidence."

Old Myths & New Facts. The survivors' testimony dispelled some old myths and produced some curious new facts. A shark is not shy. It does not have to turn on its back to attack. It does not attempt to swallow a man whole, but nips out steak-sized chunks. For some reason, perhaps the sharpness of the teeth, a victim scarcely feels the bite. A naval officer who spent twelve hours in the waters off Guadalcanal remembered feeling "a scratching, tickling sensation" in his left foot. "Slightly startled, I held it up. It was gushing blood, I peered into the water. Not ten feet away was the glistening, brown back of a great fish." The shark returned. When the officer kicked and thrashed, it sometimes veered away. On other passes it took a piece of the officer's left hand, then of his left arm. Soon his big toe was dangling; a piece of his right heel was gone; his left calf was torn. At this moment, the officer sighted a passing ship. In his frantic efforts to attract attention, he did not notice that the shark was chewing on his thigh.

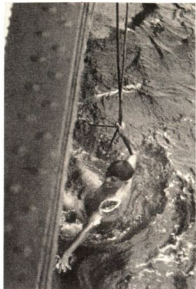
Even on life rafts, castaways were not wholly safe. Sharks sometimes bumped against the raft's frail bottom, knocking the occupants three or four inches into the air. Wrote one survivor: "Late in the afternoon, a shark about four feet long struck at the raft and, going right over my shoulder, slid into the raft. It took a bite out of C. One of the men and myself caught the shark by the tail and pulled him out of the raft. C. became delirious and died about four hours later."

Useful Hints. The report is not enthusiastic about the shark repellents that are included in airmen's survival outfits. Sometimes they were effective, sometimes not. It warns airmen who carry "shark knives" not to expect much from them. Large sharks are almost invulnerable to such weapons.

"Swimmers," the report advises, "should retain all clothing, particularly their shoes. The evidence shows that among groups of men, the partly unclad are attacked first, and usually in the feet . . . As aimless splashing will attract sharks, swimming motions should be smooth and easy. Slow, coordinated strokes that keep the swimmer riding horizontally on the surface where he offers a difficult target are the safest."

But once a swimmer has spotted a shark, he should:

- ❑ Conserve strength by keeping up just enough commotion to keep the attacker at bay. "Time is on the shark's side."
- ❑ Try shouting under water.
- ❑ Release shark repellent if available.



Clorence E. Boger

SHARK VICTIM They like steak-sized chunks.

❑ Kick and thrash. If possible, hit the shark on the snout, eyes or gills.

Men on rafts, though relatively safe, should try to avoid attracting a shark's attention. The report's advice:

- ❑ Keep still and quiet.
- ❑ Do not jetison blood, vomit or refuse from freshly killed birds or fish.
- ❑ Keep hands, legs, feet, clothing and equipment inside the raft.
- ❑ Conduct all burials as soon as possible; if sharks are numerous, wait for night.

Russian Manhattan Project

When the Russians exploded their first atomic bomb in 1949, many U.S. officials and some scientists expressed public astonishment at Russia's rapid progress in atomic weaponry. The astonishment was based on the general belief that Russia started work on nuclear weapons only after World War II. This is not true, says a recently declassified report by the Rand Corp. of Santa Monica, an outfit which does super-secret long-range research for the Air Force. The Russians started atomic work at about the same time as the U.S., and they were at work during most of the war.

Rand's two-man team, Russian Expert Melville J. Ruggles and Arnold Kramish, nuclear intelligence specialist, got most of their information from surprisingly non-secret sources: the files of Russian scientific periodicals lying almost undisturbed in the Library of Congress.

Ruggles and Kramish found that as far back as the 1920s, competent Soviet physicists were contributing to the birth of nuclear physics. In 1938, when the critical news came from Germany that neutrons make uranium atoms fission (split in two) to yield enormous energy, Russian scientists reacted as excitedly as their colleagues elsewhere, working with impressive skill to establish the same key facts which would decide whether large

amounts of nuclear energy could be got from uranium.

One important question was whether a splitting uranium atom gives off enough free neutrons to sustain a chain reaction. U.S. scientists decided that between one and three neutrons are produced per fission. Russian scientists settled on the figure of between two and four neutrons.

Fissioning in the Subway. Another key question was whether uranium atoms ever fission spontaneously—an important factor in weighing the feasibility of practical bombmaking. Theorists said that spontaneous fission ought to take place, but excellent experimental men in the U.S. were unable for a considerable time to prove that it did. The first to prove it (in 1940) were two young Russians, Flerov and Petzhak, who did their work (to protect their experiment from the intrusion of cosmic rays) in the depths of Moscow's ornate subway.

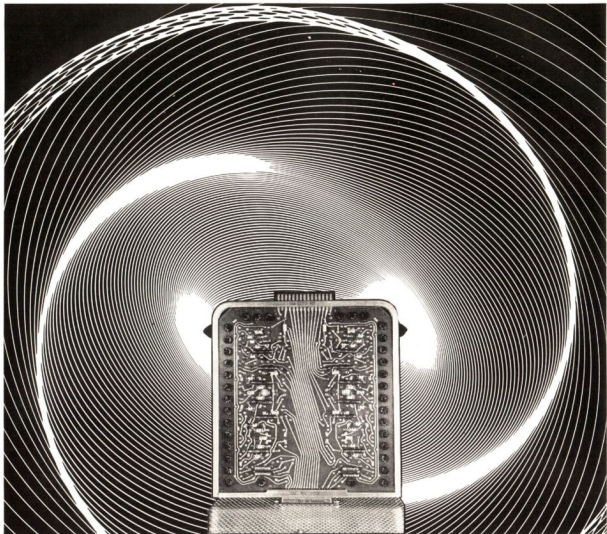
Russian papers published in 1939 and 1940, say the Rand team, prove that Soviet nuclear physics was as advanced at the time as in any other country. Its apparatus was plentiful and excellent. The first cyclotron on the European continent was in operation at the Leningrad Radium Institute before 1940. Two other cyclotrons were in the works. One of which (if the war had not intervened) would have been three times more powerful than the 60-inch cyclotron at Berkeley, then the world's biggest.

Two Uranium Committees. The super-secret U.S. atom bomb project was born in the fall of 1939, when President Roosevelt created the Advisory Committee on Uranium to decide whether an atomic bomb was a practical possibility. The Russians had the same idea independently, and in April 1940 the Soviet Academy of Sciences set up a comparable Committee for the Problem of Uranium.

In June 1941 when Germany attacked Russia, the Russian atomic program suffered a check. Nuclear research was halted, and Soviet physicists were put to work on immediate, pressing problems. It was a check for which the free world could be belatedly grateful.

But right after the Nazis were stopped at Stalingrad (Jan. 31, 1943) and the tide of battle turned, the Russians resumed atomic studies. They continued on a laboratory (but not an industrial) scale for the rest of the war. They may have heard about Enrico Fermi's achievement in Chicago (Dec. 2, 1942) of the world's first nuclear chain reaction. Espionage may have helped them. At any rate, they seem to have been convinced, long before the U.S. exploded its first atom bomb (July 16, 1945), that atomic weapons were well worth trying for.

"Far from starting . . . at scratch in 1945," says the Rand report, "the Russians should not have been, by that time, too far behind the knowledge and skill that had been achieved in the United States . . . Instead of being surprised that the Russians got the atomic bomb as early as they did, we should perhaps have been surprised that it took them so long."



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Past the \$400 Billion Mark

The U.S. boom reached a new peak in the second quarter as the gross national product soared to a record annual rate of \$408.5 billion. Making that heady estimate last week, the President's Council of Economic Advisers noted a rise of \$21 billion over the same period last year and \$5.1 billion more than the booming first-quarter rate.

Consumer spending in the second quarter rose to an annual rate of \$264.3 billion, up \$12.5 billion from last year's equivalent period. In June, chain-store and mail-order sales climbed 13.8% over June of 1955. Department-store sales for the second week in July jumped 2% over the same week last year, and store buyers predicted that autumn sales will increase slightly. Yet, despite the heavy spending, the Department of Commerce reported that personal savings rose to \$5 billion in the first three months of 1956, the highest since the Korean war and \$1.7 billion over the last quarter of 1955.

Amid the outpouring of record-breaking figures, there was a lurking worry over the three-week-old strike of 650,000 steelworkers. Another 125,000 workers have already been laid off by coal mines, railroads, trucking and steel-fabricating industries. Ahead loomed another strike. The 30,000 aluminum workers who are represented by the United Steel Workers will walk out when their contracts expire July 31 if a new contract is not settled. Little hope was held for a new aluminum agreement until steel makes peace.

Prospects for a quick end to the walkout seemed dim, though Government-inspired negotiations were expected to continue

this week in Manhattan. Despite the deadlock, the National Industrial Conference Board found one bright note: the settlement, when it comes, should produce a new fillip to the economy. The board recalled that the eight-week steel strike of 1952 "produced a strong, but relatively short-lived, boom" as manufacturers built up their inventories, and a strike of similar or less length in 1956 "could well produce the same results again. However unfortunate a steel strike may be on other grounds, most analysts agree that it would materially improve the outlook for business activity late in the second half and early in 1957."

AUTOS

No. 3 Fights Back

The Chrysler Corp. comeback that swept the company from a 1954 low of 13% of the car market to 17.1% last year was the most dramatic industrial success story of 1955. The next step, exulted President Lester Lum Colbert, was to recapture Chrysler's traditional 20% of the market, "and then do even better." But Chrysler, far from doing better, was again slipping fast. At the end of the first six months of this year it had assembled only 14.8% of total industry output, 3.7% less than in the same period last year, a 5.1% rise for G.M., a .19% rise for Ford.

Last week "Tex" Colbert announced a top-management reshuffle to beef up Chrysler's faltering salesmanship. Into the newly created post of administrative vice president went crack Salesman Edgar Charles Row, 60, president of Chrysler Corp. of Canada since 1951, who had boosted Chrysler's share of the Canadian

market from 16.2% to 27.8% in the past five years. Ohio-born Ed Row, an old company hand (since 1932), will have wide powers in his new post, be second in command to Colbert, who remains the chief executive officer. To prepare the company further for what he called "intensified competition," Colbert announced other appointments:

¶ William C. Newberg, 45, Colbert-trained president of Dodge, to automotive group vice president in charge of all vehicle divisions and the MoPar division (truck and auto parts).

¶ Rhinehart S. Bright, 44, vice president in charge of engines and transmissions, to group vice president in charge of basic manufacturing (stamping, engines and transmissions, general manufacturing).

¶ M. C. Patterson, 56, Dodge manufacturing vice president, to Dodge manufacturing.

¶ Nicholas Kelley Jr., 46, dealer-relations vice president, to president of Chrysler export division.

The shuffle of Chrysler's top command capped a long list of changes aimed at strengthening the company. Chrysler had already scrapped the traditionally staid Chrysler lines for the "Forward Look," broken its highly centralized corporate structure into more flexible autonomous divisions, built eight new plants, including Detroit's most highly automated engine factory, allocated more than \$1 billion for capital improvements during the next five years.

But as the figures plainly showed, Chrysler's biggest and toughest job is selling. Plymouth, the company's high-volume bread-and-butter car, has dropped from 422,187 units assembled in 1955's first half to 243,541 in the same period this year, the sharpest (42%) slide in the industry. Plymouth's share of total auto production, which stood at 9.92% in 1955's first six months, has fallen to 7.63%. Dodge, the company's No. 2 seller, has fallen from 179,188 units to 108,545, a drop of 40%. Its proportion of auto output fell from 4.2% in 1955's first half to 3.4% this year. The De Soto decline from 79,895 to 57,070 represents a 29% fall in output and a percent-of-industry decline from 1.88% to 1.79%. Chrysler and Imperial plummeted from 111,753 units in 1955's first half to 64,753 a year later, off 42%, while their share of production declined from 2.63% to 2.03%.

Meanwhile, as Chrysler took the biggest dip in the industry, G.M. and Ford improved their standing. G.M.'s share of production went from 49.02% in 1955's first half to 54.18% this year. Ford's share went from 27.03% to 27.22%.

Rescue Accomplished

After six months of negotiations, Curtiss-Wright and Studebaker-Packard finally came to terms last week on "Operation Rescue." The two companies will not merge—at least not right away. But they will tie themselves together under a



CHRYSLER'S COLBERT & ROW
A tug at a showing slip.

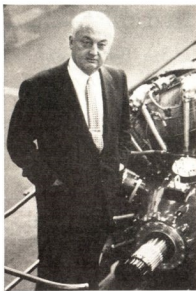
"joint program" agreement, with Curtiss-Wright running Studebaker-Packard and taking an option on enough Studebaker stock for a formal merger later on.

For Enginemaker Curtiss the big bait was the promise of some \$500 million in new defense contracts from the Pentagon. Up to now, failure of such contracts to come through had been the major stumbling block. Though the Administration was anxious to save Studebaker, it was worried about the political effects of such a rescue operation. But now both companies have solid promises of contracts, spread over several years.

\$50 Million for Now. For Studebaker the bait was equally tempting: \$35 million in cash from Curtiss, enough to keep the company in business. Curtiss will buy all Studebaker's defense inventories (mostly jet engine parts), take a twelve-year lease on two plants at Utica, Mich. and South Bend, Ind. In addition, Studebaker's bank credit (it has already borrowed \$29.8 million) will be raised to \$45 million, thus giving it a total of \$50 million for immediate needs.

There is a chance for more. If Curtiss decides to merge and exercises its stock option within the next two years, it will pay \$25 million for 5,000,000 shares of Studebaker stock. The merged company will also be able to apply Studebaker's big \$70 million tax loss against overall profits.

Predictors & Mercedes. Under the present deal, Studebaker will consolidate all automaking at South Bend, leaving the defense business to Curtiss. With its new funds, it will be able to bring out a 1957 Studebaker line on schedule. How-



Yale Joel—Lure
CURTISS-WRIGHT'S HURLEY
A promising promise of marriage.

ever it will probably stop making Packards for a year, wait until 1958, when it can develop an interchangeable body shell with Studebaker along the lines of its Packard Predictor dream car. Another possibility: that West Germany's Daimler-Benz will come in on the agreement, use Studebaker's dealer setup to distribute Mercedes cars and trucks in the U.S. Eventually, Studebaker might also build Mercedes products in the U.S.

President James Nance will step down

as Studebaker's chief executive, remain only as a consultant to the board of directors. Into his place will go Harold E. Churchill, 53, Studebaker's general manager, who has been with the company since 1926. But the real boss will be Curtiss-Wright President Roy T. Hurley, himself a veteran automan, who learned the fine points of the industry as Ford's director of manufacturing. Taking over Curtiss in 1949 when it was doing poorly, he cut costs and boosted production so effectively that the company turned a profit of \$35 million in 1955. Now, with the Studebaker-Packard deal, he is going back to a business he knows even better.

EARNINGS

Better & Better

"We simply have had a ready market for our products, and we've turned out the goods." Thus, Lone Star Steel Co. President Eugene B. Germany explained last week how his company had netted profits of \$4.8 million in the first half of the year, more than it had earned all last year. In the same way scores of other companies found a ready market, turned out the goods—and reported record first-half or second-quarter profits last week. As a result, the Department of Commerce estimated that cash dividends paid in the first six months neared \$5.4 billion—16% ahead of last year.

Record sales pushed up giant General Electric Co. to a net of \$113 million (v. \$108 million last year) on sales just below \$2 billion. Sylvania's sales high of \$155 million produced earnings of \$3,000,

TIME CLOCK

SOIL BANK plan to cut surplus in six basic crops (corn, cotton, wheat, tobacco, rice, peanuts) is off to slow start. Agriculture Department reports that farmers have signed up to take only 2,000,000 acres out of production at cost to Government of \$37 million for this year's bank. Goal for next year is 8 million to 15 million acres in bank, with long-term target of 25 million acres annually.

RENEGOTIATION LAW on defense contracts will be extended for two years and liberalized to help small contractors. House has passed and Senate is expected to approve new version of law, which will increase (from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000) amount of Government business contractors can do before profits are subject to renegotiation. Law also doubles (from one to two years) period in which company losses can be carried forward to offset their profits.

BRITISH COMET JETLINERS have been ordered by Capital Airlines, which is doing well with British Vickers Viscount turboprops. Capital will pay \$53 million for 14 de Havilland Comet IVs, bigger (74 seats), faster (545 m.p.h.) versions of ill-fated Comet I. Main reason for Capital's move: U.S. jets will be too big, too costly

to operate along Capital's medium-range airline routes. Planned delivery date: 1959.

FORD CONTINENTAL SALES have eased to point where operations will be consolidated with Lincoln Division. Though Continental aims to hit 2,500-car target this year, company has decided to cut costs by combining all non-manufacturing operations with Lincoln, and give Continental Boss William C. Ford a new job.

GENERAL SHOE CORP., one of biggest U.S. shoemakers (1955 sales: \$167.9 million), will follow diversification trend by moving into the women's specialty store and jewelry business. For around \$10 million cash, General Shoe bought 65% control of Hoving Corp. (1955 sales: \$31.6 million), operators of Manhattan's Tiffany jewelry store and Bonwit Teller department-store chain. Hoving President Walter Hoving will stay on, plans no management changes.

MORE POWER PARTNERSHIP is in store for Northwest. Pacific Power & Light Co. has signed deal with Washington State's Cowlitz County Public Utility District to develop Upper Lewis River area \$56.7 million project to produce 256,500 kw. by 1958.

Pacific Power & Light will build and own main dam and powerhouse producing 189,000 kw., while PUD will spend \$15 million on smaller, 67,500-kw. downstream powerhouse, get 26% of overall power produced.

MYSTERIOUS CAPITAL from abroad, possibly from Iron Curtain nations, is worrying SEC Chairman J. Sinclair Armstrong. Large amounts of foreign funds are coming into U.S. from Swiss and Canadian banks, which keep sources secret (accounts are known only by number). Possibility that Iron Curtain investors might try to gain secret control of vital U.S. corporations, says Armstrong, "is a matter of great concern to us."

ITALIAN MOTORSCOOTERS are making big push into U.S. markets. Two biggest sellers, Lambretta and Vespa, expect to sell 32,500 scooters (around \$350-\$400) in U.S. this year.

FIRST JET TANKER in \$250 million U.S. Air Force program has rolled off Boeing production line at Renton, Wash., just 21 months after initial contract. At same time, Boeing finished 888th and last piston-engined KC-97 tanker for Air Force, thus ending 40 years of piston-engined plane production.

TRADE-IN HOUSING

A Big New Market for Builders

CONSTRUCTION of private housing has been slipping in recent months, is now running at the annual rate of 1,100,000 starts, off 200,000 from last year. So far, builders are not too worried; the trend to bigger, more expensive houses has helped maintain a high dollar volume. Nevertheless, the decline has given a big boost to a little-known idea: trade-in housing. Detroit Builder-Broker Gordon Williamson, who used to sell cars in the '20s, says that real-estate dealers are today at the point where auto dealers found themselves 30 years ago; they are going to have to handle trade-in houses to stay in business, because "we're running out of first-home buyers right now." Agrees Federal Housing Administrator Norman Mason: trade-ins would open up "a great new market of perhaps 60 million Americans who would like to move if only they could sell the house they already own."

To spur trade-ins, FHA has put into effect a liberalized financing program. For the first time real-estate brokers and land developers are eligible for FHA mortgages on trade-in deals, thus freeing them of the financial burden of carrying trade-ins on their own. Furthermore, builders who take trade-ins are no longer required to make FHA-approved major improvements before reselling them. Builders complain that the FHA still takes too long to move, appraises houses too low, lends too little on mortgages. In most cases, builders can get a top of 85% on the owner's mortgage, which in turn represents a top of 86% of the FHA appraisal; e.g., on a \$10,000 house, the FHA trade-in mortgage loan insurance comes to about \$7,300. Yet despite these obstacles, trade-ins have been catching on.

In Detroit, where the idea is widespread, Edward Rose & Sons, one of the area's biggest builder-brokers, works this way: when the prospective house buyer cannot finance the deal until his old house is sold, Rose contracts to buy the house at a fair market price, puts it up for sale. If the old house is sold before the new one is ready, Rose simply charges the standard 5% broker's commission. Otherwise he moves the buyer into the new house and takes up his option on the trade-in at the mutually agreed price, less the 5% commission and a \$750 flat fee for mortgage financing, necessary repairs and other contingencies. Out of 175 such houses handled, Rose has had to carry only a dozen past the new home transaction deadlines. Chicago's William Trude offers a trade-in

customer 15% under market value for his old house, then gives him 90 days to sell it on his own. The customer usually succeeds, much to the delight of Trude, who has had to take over only four out of 150 trade-ins.

San Francisco's Standard Building Co., which has handled several thousand trade-in deals, sends appraisers to the prospective buyer's old house, tries to offer a fair market price. Once the deal goes through, Standard modernizes the trade-in, gives it a fresh coat of paint, then sells it. Standard expects little profit on the old house, makes its money on the new ones it sells.

But trade-in housing also has some handicaps. It requires considerable capital and is no place for small operators; a few slow deals can tie up their limited assets in vacant houses. Phoenix's Universal Homes averages ten trades a month. Employees a 25-man crew to do nothing but clean and repair houses taken in trade. But when it started trading in 1952, it lost \$25,000 the first year, before it learned that trades require plenty of capital and a crack organization equipped to make expert appraisals and careful deals. Says President Whitney E. Anderson: "Without a separate organization for handling trade-ins, such as we now have, a builder could lose his shirt." Some builders set up a "trade-in partnership" with their salesmen. Each contributes a small sum (often taken from his trade-in commissions) to finance further trade-ins.

Another major trouble is the homeowner's inflated valuation of his home. Says veteran Cleveland Builder Joseph Siegler: "People think they have oil wells under their houses." Says an FHA official: "Most homeowners don't subtract the years they have lived in the house. No man selling a ten-year-old car expects to get anything like his original price out of it. Yet, though a house piles up mileage too and gets behind the times in style, the owner expects to sell for at least what he paid, and most expect a profit."

So far most builders, especially in areas where new houses are still selling well, are cool to trade-ins. But the trading idea is expected to spread fast as the housing boom falters. Family formations are already dropping sharply—895,000 new households in 1955 v. a whopping 1,650,000 in 1949. Says Seattle's William McPherson, who sells 200 houses a month, half involving trades: "The bluish is off the first-time buyer. Builders are going to have to aim their selling at the trade-in market or go under."

000. Wrapping up other records in the packaging boom, St. Regis Paper Co. earned \$12.3 million v. \$8.7 million in the first half of 1955. Continental Can Co. had a half-year record net of \$14.5 million, up from \$10.3 million last year. High retail sales were reflected in store profits. In its first 24 weeks of the year, Safeway Stores, Inc. netted \$9.9 million v. last year's \$5.6 million.

The big upsurge in highway and heavy construction more than doubled H. K. Porter's first half 1955 net to \$4,000,000 in 1956. Caterpillar Tractor Co. rolled up profits of \$26.2 million, 69% above a year ago. Westinghouse Air Brake Co. nearly doubled its net to \$12.5 million.

In shipping, American Export Lines profits increased more than tenfold to \$3.1 million, thanks largely to increases in cargo volumes, freight rates, postwar Government subsidies. Pennsylvania Railroad's \$22.2 million net was its best first half, although high operating expenses caused June returns to slack off.

With the high cost of doing business, top sales sometimes were not enough to guarantee top profits. Allied Chemical & Dye Corp. scored a sales record for its first quarter, but earnings slumped 4% to \$25.5 million, partially because of higher wages and freight rates. Du Pont's net from chemicals dropped slightly as a result of the belt-tightening in textiles and autos.

Many companies sacrificed profit gains to plow back huge amounts into research and development. Douglas Aircraft, which increased first-half sales by \$17.2 million, saw its net drop from last year's by \$860,000. Reason: huge research costs for the Douglas DC-8 jet transport. Better off was Cessna Aircraft. Its big spurt in private aircraft sales returned net earnings of \$3.83 per share for the nine months ending June 30, up 50% from a year ago.

WALL STREET

Ten Million Capitalists

The U.S. now has 8,630,000 stockholders in publicly held companies, one-third more than four years ago. So New York Stock Exchange President Keith Funston announced this week, after a survey of 6,000 corporations, brokerage firms, banks and trust companies. With another 1,400,000 persons owning shares in privately held corporations, there are now more than 10 million stockholders in the nation, one out of every ten U.S. adults.

Last year more than 1,000,000 new stockholders were added to the list. Reasons: partial tax relief on corporate dividends, growing popularity of stock purchase plans, vigorous selling of stocks by investment companies. The typical stockholder is 48 (three years younger than the average stockholder in 1952) and earns \$6,200 yearly (v. \$7,100 in 1952). He (or she) lives in a community of about 25,000; is a housewife (34.2%), a clerk or sales employee (18%), an executive (13.7%) or a member of the professions (12.2%). Just over half (51.6%) of U.S. stockholders are women.

Meet Clarence Eichenberger

a machinery manufacturer's banker

It's no secret that Clarence Eichenberger has loved big machinery since he was a boy. Even a certain power shovel manufacturer, talking with him about financing a new model, wasn't surprised when Mr. Eichenberger hopped in the cab of the shovel to see for himself what it could do.

Clarence Eichenberger is primarily a banker — 35 years with The First National Bank of Chicago. But he's also a metals and machinery man. He's the head of Division C—the Division of our Commercial Department that specializes in financing these industries. To really understand how intimately he works with the men in these fields, you ought to read his annual forecasts for steel, automobiles and heavy equipment.

Clarence Eichenberger is typical of the men who staff each of our 10 Divisions. Each Division serves one group of industries exclusively. Its officers know those industries from balance sheets to sales reports. They know the markets, the suppliers and the people who make decisions.

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URANIUM

Bloom with a Bang

"When you pull yourself up by your bootstraps," says Dean McGee, president of Oklahoma's Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Inc., "it's like a flower opening—slowly at first, and then it finally spreads out." A small independent, Kerr-McGee spent 20 years pulling itself up to a \$15 million annual business. Then, in the past five years, it trebled in size. Last week, Kerr-McGee spread itself still wider. It put together a combine with uranium ore reserves estimated at some 5,000,000 tons on the Colorado Plateau (total U.S. reserves: 30 million tons), worth some \$200 million. If Kermac builds a \$20 million

of Kansas, '26) who first went to work for Phillips Petroleum, was its chief geologist by the time he was 30. McGee did so well that when he left the company to hook up with Oilman Bob Kerr in 1937 Phillips hated to let him go, in 1943 agreed to an unusual deal to keep a string on his talents. It promised to underwrite 75% of the company's drilling costs in return for only a 50-50 share in the oil profits.

Phillips knew what it was doing. With plenty of cash McGee soon had a string of wells in the rich-paying Gulf Coast zone in Louisiana. Then Kerr-McGee started operating on its own in an area where few oilmen had yet ventured: the Louisiana tidelands. Says McGee: "It looked better to us than staying on land, where the

total-energy picture of the future. Kermac already has a 25% interest in a huge potash deposit near Carlsbad, N. Mex., plans to spend \$15 million developing it, not only as a source of fertilizer, but also as a base for a new series of inorganic "super fuels" for space-traveling rocketships. Chairman Bob Kerr firmly believes that he will be offered a trip to the moon in his lifetime—and in a rocket using Kerr-McGee fuel.

AVIATION

Crash Program

When the House Government Operations Subcommittee, stirred to action by last month's disastrous mid-air collision of two airliners over the Grand Canyon, looked into the whole question of aviation safety, it found that the U.S. was simply not prepared to handle the traffic jam in its skies. Civil Aeronautics Administrator Charles J. Lowen suggested that progress could be made if Congress would approve the balance of funds for CAA's five-year plan to blanket the sky with long-range radar, which shows the exact position of all airborne planes. The committee chairman, West Virginia Democrat Robert H. Mollohan, then went Lowen one better. Why not telescope the CAA safety project into three years?

Last week President Eisenhower urged Congress to take off on the crash program by adding \$68 million to the \$40 million already appropriated to CAA for fiscal 1957. The extra money would buy more radar, a better ground-to-air communications net, another 80 omnidirectional radio ranges for planes to ride and more trained CAA ground controllers.

In the past, Congress and the Commerce Department have been reluctant to spend for air safety. But in view of last month's fatal collision, the supplemental appropriation is expected to fly through without a bump.

CORPORATIONS

The Answer

Five years ago Manhattan's Rupert T. Zickl, 59, went into Virginia-Carolina Chemical Corp. as a management consultant to help get its business squared away. Consultant Zickl, now a vice president of Bartram Bros. Corp., a director of V-C and owner of 17,500 shares of common stock, soon decided what was wrong with the \$33 million fertilizer and chemical company. It was the management. Last week, by a vote of almost 2 to 1, at a special meeting in Richmond, Va., Zickl's independent stockholders' group ousted President Joseph A. Howell and five other directors from the board, took over a company that has 41 plants in 18 states. On the new board were Zickl and six new directors, including Virginia's former Governor John S. Battle.

What angered the insurgents was the fact that Virginia-Carolina's sales in 1955 were down 9.3% to \$77 million annually. In the past nine months V-C profits slipped 50% to \$329,000. Furthermore,



KERR-McGEE'S McGEE & KERR
Will the bootstraps reach to the moon?

processing mill next year, it may well become the second biggest (next to Anaconda Co.) uranium producer in the U.S.

Reserves & Rawhide. Uranium is nothing new to Kermac, whose founder and board chairman is Oklahoma's Oilman-Senator Robert S. Kerr. As far back as 1951, the company was the first oil producer to decide that uranium, instead of being competitive with oil, was a supplemental and profitable field. In 1952, with \$700,000, Kermac bought New Mexico's small Navajo Uranium Co., built a mill at Shiprock, N. Mex., did so well that it has expanded operations to a total of \$3.3 million. By spending \$100,000 a month for more exploration, it uncovered sizable reserves near Grants, N. Mex., thus became a major producer.

Last week's combine makes it a giant. As operator and controlling owner (more than 50%) of Kermac Nuclear Fuels Inc., the company will pool the reserves of two other companies with its own into one big combine, process the ore, split the profits on a pro-rata basis.

Credit for Kermac's climb goes largely to President McGee, 52, a tall, rawhide-tough wildcatter and geologist (University

first-class spots were already leased and drilled. Some said it took courage. Others just said we were foolish."

Courage or craps shooter's luck, the gamble paid off. In 1947, in 18 ft. of water ten miles off Louisiana, Kermac brought in the first big tidelands well out of sight of land and developed by crews living on the rig. What's more, Oilman McGee & Co. did it cheaply. Where most big companies planned huge, \$1,000,000 floating platforms with rig, crew quarters and space for drilling supplies, Kermac's equipment cost only \$250,000. The platform was barely big enough for the drilling rig; floating tenders moored alongside housed the crew and stored the supplies.

Fertilizer & Rockets. With solid backing from Chairman Kerr, President McGee expanded all along the line. He added wells, a refinery, and, with the purchase of Deep Rock Oil Corp., 800 filling stations in 23 states. Thus, Kerr-McGee became a fully integrated oil company. Estimated 1956 business: a 100% jump over 1955 to a gross of \$87.9 million, profits of \$4,750,000.

But for Oilmen McGee and Kerr, petroleum and uranium are only part of the

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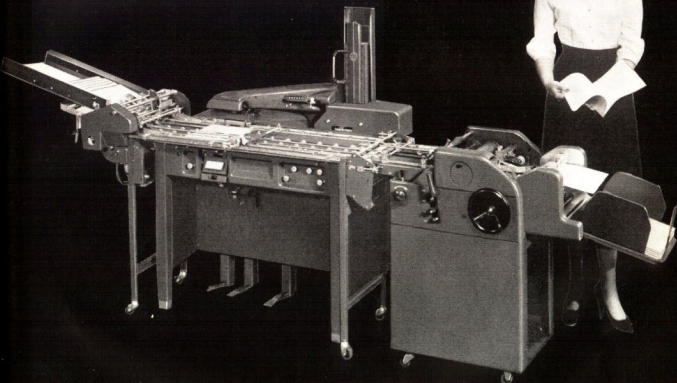
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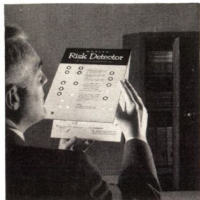
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V-C had never paid a dividend to common stockholders, while funneling out \$17 million since 1946 to preferred stockholders (largely Allied Chemical & Dye Corp., also a good customer). Insurgents also criticized the fact that President Howell had a big stock option in addition to his \$78,000 annual salary, reportedly made more than \$100,000 in the past 20 months.

At week's end Rebel Leader Zickl, who was recovering from a stomach operation in his White Plains home and failed to make the annual meeting, still had no word to give on exactly what he planned for the company. The only certain change was that President Howell, whose contract has seven years to run, was out.

The Biggest Issue

To raise money for expansion, currently costing \$7,750,000 each working day, American Telephone & Telegraph Co. last week announced the largest direct stock issue in history: 5,750,000 in new shares to raise \$575 million. Stockholders of record on a September date to be set by the directors will get rights allowing the purchase of one new share at \$100 for each ten shares then held. Rights, estimated to be worth about \$8 (at the current market), may be sold if the stockholder does not want to buy.

Plans for the issue, A.T. & T.'s first stock offering since 1936, are contingent on stockholder approval of a proposal to increase authorized stock from 60 million to 100 million shares. But approval by both the stockholders and SEC is a virtual certainty. Last year A.T. & T. spent a record \$1.6 billion in expansion. President Cleo F. Craig expects the total to top \$2 billion both this year and next.

MANAGEMENT

Too Big

"General Motors is too big for the good of American businessmen who must deal with it, and too big for the good of the country."

These strong words came this week from the respected, nonprofit American Institute of Management* after a three-month study of G.M.'s published figures. The survey was the idea of A.I.M.'s founder-president, Jackson Martinell, a hardheaded businessman himself, who has been president of Fiduciary Counsel (investment counselors) and Fiduciary Management (an investment trust), last month won control of *Who's Who*.

Martinell's Institute found that G.M.'s bigness is bad because it is too efficient; it has managed to disprove the theory that bigness automatically brings diminishing returns, and that there is thus a built-in check on size. Said the institute: "General Motors' net sales in 1955 amounted to \$12,433,277,000, or more than ten times G.M.'s sales volume in 1935. G.M. profits [for 1955] were \$1,189,477,000, or about



Alan Richards

A.I.M.'s MARTINELL
Success can be stifling.

\$34 million more than their total sales in 1935. According to all classic economic concepts, such a growth ought to have been accompanied by diminishing returns, [when] each further increase in size is compensated by a reduction in the margin of profits." Instead, G.M.'s operating profit margin of 15% in 1935 actually rose to 20.6% last year. The reason the theory broke down, said A.I.M., was that G.M. slashed sales and administrative costs from 7.1% in 1935 to 3.7% in 1955, while holding material and labor costs steady in proportion to sales volume.

G.M.'s huge gain in production (50.76% of all autos sold in the U.S. last year) also brought much good. A.I.M. found. In the past 20 years, take-home pay of G.M. workers advanced by \$3,435, while profits per employee rose only \$1,233. And the Government, through increased taxes, benefited more from G.M.'s growth than the company's stockholders.

But on balance, the report delivered a verdict against G.M.: "Three years ago the institute defended big business. The utterly irresponsible Ford-G.M. production war has changed our minds." Bigness can "crush the small producer. Bigness is partly responsible for the slow strangling of Studebaker and Hudson today."

Debating the pro and con of huge corporations in general, A.I.M. said: "Their skill, research and gargantuan productive capacity may well have tipped the scales to retention of our freedom. But they must not become destructive to that freedom by gaining so much monopoly as to restrict freedom of choice, gain undue political power or even too large a share of the national product."

The report raised the question of whether it would not be wise to limit any one company, however honestly and efficiently managed. For example, a limit of 1% of the gross national product would slice G.M. to one-third its size.

* Among A.I.M.'s recent surveys of some of the world's major organizations: a report on the efficiency of the Vatican (TIME, Jan. 30).

MILESTONES

Born. To Olivia de Havilland, 40, two-time Oscar-winning cinemactress (*To Each His Own*, *The Heiress*), and Pierre Galante, 46, writer for the French picture magazine *Paris-Match*: their first child (her second), a daughter; by Caesarean section; in Paris. Name: Giselle. Weight: 6 lbs. 13 oz.

Married. Hamilton Farrar Richardson, 22, Rhodes scholar and member of the U.S. Davis Cup team; and Ann Kathryn Kennington, 22; in New Orleans.

Married. Harvey Samuel Firestone III, 26, only son of Rubber Baron Harvey Firestone Jr.; and Beverly Lou McFarlan, 23, small-town (Brooklyn, Ohio) school-teacher; in Brecksville, Ohio.

Married. Archduchess Charlotte of Habsburg, 35, middle daughter of Empress Zita and the late Charles I (last Emperor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire), sister of Austrian Pretender Archduke Otto of Habsburg, and longtime (1943-56) welfare worker (under the name of Charlotte de Bar) in Manhattan's East Harlem; and Duke George of Mecklenburg, 56; she for the first time, he for the second; in Pocking, Germany.

Divorced. Sammy Kaye, 46, jug-eared "Swing and Sway" bandleader; by Ruth Knox Kay, 46; after 16 years of marriage, no children; in Cleveland.

Died. Alice Muriel Astor Pleydell-Bouverie, 54, four-times-married daughter of Colonel John Jacob Astor (who went down with the *Titanic*), sister of Vincent, half-sister of John Jacob Astor III, one-time wife of Russian Prince Serge Obolensky; of a stroke; in Manhattan.

Died. Maurice-Edmond Sailland, 83, bald, rotund (220 lbs.) Gallic gourmet better known by his self-styled title Prince Curnonsky, founder (1928) of France's famed *Académie des Gastronomes* and head of 27 gastronomical societies, prolific culinary writer (*France Gastronomique*, in 28 volumes); after accidentally falling from a window of his fourth-floor apartment; in Paris.

Died. Francis Albert ("Bee") Behymer, 86, veteran (since 1888) reporter and feature writer for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* whose "cornfield journalism" has been a Midwest institution for 68 years; in Alton, Ill. A little (5 ft. 6 in., 125 lbs.) wiry man with unruly grey hair, "Mr. Bee" went to the *P-D* ten years after its founding (1878) by the first Joseph Pulitzer, became a standard prop at back-country murder trials and hillbilly feuds, stamped his copy with his own brand of homespun humor. ("Methuselah lived 969 years and all they said about him was that he died. But what was he doing for 969 years? What a story, and all the reporters missed it!")



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This is Highway 64 near Somerville, Tenn.—a concrete road built in 1929. Now 26 years old, it's still on the job! Its long service is typical of the durability of hundreds of miles of concrete roads in Tennessee. Here's the proof:

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Total mileage of concrete roads built in Tenn. | 2,124 |
| Mileage still in service (exposed or serving as the heavy duty base under a layer of resurfacing) | 2,120 |
| Mileage more than 20 years old and still in service (exposed or resurfaced) | 1,457 |

This remarkable performance is a record of low-annual-cost highway service to taxpayers and motorists. And today's concrete roads are even better. Engineers now can build concrete roads to last 50 years and more. In contrast to the proven durability of concrete roads, other types of pavement require frequent resurfacing and rebuilding.

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than any other make!

Official truck registration data shows that owners of America's biggest truck fleets are buying more Ford Trucks than any other make. The big fleets have the cost records. They know which trucks cost less to buy and run. They know which trucks are most reliable. And the big fleets are going Ford!

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Bullfight (Janus Films) is a feature-length European-made documentary which brings to U.S. moviegoers all the blood and gore that Hollywood's code of ethics has denied them. Where Hollywood cameras have averted their gaze because of the bans on scenes of cruelty to animals, *Bullfight* stares fixedly and spares the viewer no detail of "the moment of truth."

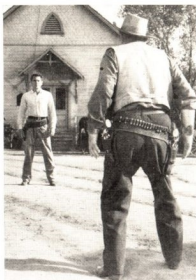
Often spotty and frequently disjointed, the film traces the history of bullfighting from Rome's Circus Maximus to Ava Gardner, examines a matador's life from his eating habits (little or no food before a fight so that he can be operated on immediately if a goring lays open his belly) to his occupational hazards (an estimated 10% of bullfighters are killed in the ring, 13% are crippled, 40% are wounded at least 20 times in their careers).

The picture takes a quick look at the world's great bullfighters. There is ugly little Juan Belmonte, who developed close-in fighting around World War I because of his weak legs, inventing a style that made him seem a partner with the bull in a series of dance figures. There are shots of the hypnotic Arruza, the elegant Dominguin, the lady bullfighter, Conchita Cintrón, who fought on horseback.

Best scenes are those of the late great Andalusian Manolete, who was fatally gored in Linares, Spain in 1947 at the age of 30. The long-nosed, sad-eyed Manolete performs the weaving dance of death with the black bull in a manner as purely simple and beautiful as he himself was homely, gives the aspiring aficionado a hint of the poetry of blood that has fascinated writer-intellectuals from Théophile Gautier to Hemingway.

The Fastest Gun Alive (M-G-M) misfires before it is clear of the holster. The gun (a frontier-model .45) belongs to Broderick Crawford, a hulking fellow with itchy fingers and the single-barreled aim of killing any man who claims to be quicker on the draw. But even as he drills a slower man out in Silver Rapids, a blind seer mocks him: "No matter how fast you are, there's always somebody faster." Crawford like to have strangled him for it.

Hero Glenn Ford is discovered in the guise of a meek and peace-loving storekeeper. Everybody in Cross Creek knows he hasn't packed a gun or tipped a glass in four years. But Glenn breaks out in a sweat whenever anybody mentions the shooting out at Silver Rapids. What's worse, he doesn't even pitch horseshoes with the old gang any more. Finally he bolts from the store, jounces into the saloon and announces, "I would like to go out of my mind." With the help of a bottle of raw hooch, he darn near does. Then, to the astonishment of everyone, he blurts: "I'm the fastest gun alive!" and promptly sets out to prove it by digging his six-shooter out of an old barrel and potting two silver dollars in mid-air.



GLENN FORD & BRODERICK CRAWFORD
The congregation sang "Holy, Holy."

Most everybody proclaims taciturn Glenn a local hero except his wife (Jeanne Crain), who mutters darkly of Glenn's troubled past (seems his father was shot by a fast gun) and the evils of gun-slinging. Next day Glenn offers up his weapon on the church altar, explaining that he must skip town because "trouble collects around a fast gun." Too late. Enter bellicose Brod, hankering to drill Glenn. As the congregation sings *Holy, Holy, Holy*, Glenn dutifully straps on his holster for the showdown. As Miss Crain mumbles after the fireworks, "I guess that takes care of everything."

Secrets of the Reef (Butterfield & Wolf) is a submarine gem, dredged from the waters of the Bahamas and Florida's Marineland oceanarium and polished by three bright young Harvardmen (Lloyd Ritter, Robert Young and Murray Lermer). The product of a three-year effort and a paltry \$150,000, it is one of the best films thus far of the brave new underworld of the skindiver, where the actors are all baresark and the dialogue is in bubbles.

Unlike many other natural history movies—especially some in the current Disney cycle—it is not flossed up with camera tricks or laff-riot editing. When *Secrets'* love-smitten pair of octopuses meet, they do not croon to each other *Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey*; they simply mate, an act whose essential mechanics are obscured by a romantic flailing of tentacles.

The recurrent cycle of life is captured in the tidal swarming of a cloudlike school of silvery pilchards, their glinting symphony of movement matched by the sparkling (though often deafening) score of young Composer Clinton Elliott. But as a facts-of-life lesson, some children

may find *Secrets* confusing. How will Mother explain the convulsive spectacle of a father sea horse in labor, struggling to eject from his pouch the young sea colts hatched from eggs deposited there by his carefree mate?

In the ceaseless fish-eat-fish mood of the reef world ("Most living creatures, including ourselves, live on other creatures," reminds the narrator), there are no more or less evil villains, only keener appetites and larger gullets. Best comic is a baby sea turtle who hungrily attacks the film's true hero, a shy, sensitive octopus many times the turtle's size. The assault only bores the octopus. *Secrets* ends with a wild battle between the octopus and the movie's most sinister actor, a moray eel. Result: a draw, with the myopic eel's keen sense of smell fouled up by the wounded octopus' ink defenses.

Toy Tiger (Universal-International) opens with a snarl that turns out to be worse than its bight. In the middle of the snarl are the imperious executive vice president of a big Manhattan advertising agency (Laraine Day) and her art director (Jeff Chandler). Laraine is a pushbutton career woman who likes to push people around. Jeff is tired of being pushed. He wants to trade in his Ivy League button-downs and Brooks Brothers tweeds for faded denims, and give up art directing for Art. But Madison Avenue holds him fast in its golden gyves until a little child (Tim Hovey) shows him how to cut the knot. Since everybody but Jeff knows from the beginning that Tim is Laraine's son and needs a father to replace the one he lost in an auto crash, it is only a matter of 83 minutes before the one person in the dark learns how the movie will end.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Somebody Up There Likes Me. The punk-to-puncher saga of ex-Con, ex-Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano; with Paul Newman and Pier Angeli (TIME, July 23).

La Strada. A bittersweet fable of innocence and the brute concerning a half-wit girl, indentured to a brutal carnival strong man; with Anthony Quinn and Giulietta Masina (TIME, July 23).

The King and I. A lavish and bouncy musical version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway hit, expertly played by Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr (TIME, July 16).

Moby Dick. Captain Ahab superbly harrows the oceans in his search for the great white whale; with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Orson Welles (TIME, July 9).

The Killing. Only cops and robbers, but the skulduggery is skillfully controlled by Director Stanley Kubrick (TIME, June 4).

The Bold and the Brave. A war film with ideas that hit as hard as bullets; with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Forbidden Planet. Some fascinating gadgets and a robot better make life in outer space seem even better than in split-level suburbia (TIME, April 9).



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BOOKS

Prairie Obit

THE NARROW COVERING (214 pp.)—*Julia Siebel—Harcourt, Brace (\$3.50).*

Take away unhappy childhoods and a seething contempt for the old hometown and many a U.S. writer might never have set pen to paper. Still, rebels like Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser were moved at least as much by compassion for their Midwestern farmers and townfolk as they were by a kind of rage because life was not more beautiful. Their kind of literary rebellion is as dated today as the harsh, shallow life they raged against. That is what makes *The Narrow Covering*, a first novel by Kansas-born Julia Siebel, as curious and archaic as grandpa's best suit accidentally encountered in a forgotten closet.

Cork Popper. Meet Ella Beecher, 16 years old and unhappy on a western Kansas farm in 1914. Mother is an Old Testament termer in gingham, a Puritan who never tires of inveighing against sin, fun and sloth, who can drop the appropriate Biblical thunderbolt at the popping of a cork or the inadvertent sign of simple happiness. Daddy, not unnaturally, has taken to popping corks, and brother Joe has married a woman as unlike his mother as the countryside can offer. In rapid succession, the father dies of a stroke after a drinking bout, Joe's lovable wife dies of TB after bearing two children, and Joe steps out to the barn and puts a bullet through his brain. Ella, a younger sister and her mother have moved to a nearby small town and taken Joe's infant sons with them. But tragedy has not softened mamma. Her nose comes out of the Old Testament only to sniff disapprovingly, and Ella's fun is limited to sneak meet-

ings with a minister's daughter where they flirt with the devil by eating forbidden candy.

Ella grows up to a joyless marriage to a decent local grocer. She tends store, she raises her nephews, she keeps house and plays bridge when she has to. But her neighbors bore her, the birth of a daughter fails to enrich her unsmiling nature, and neither good times nor bad, drought nor plenty seem to offer any real excuse for living. Author Siebel kills off her characters with adding-machine indifference. Mother goes. Then the favorite nephew dies in World War II. Finally, Ella herself methodically swallows a bottle of sleeping pills, rinses her water glass, and lies down to die in a final paragraph that is dealt like a poker hand.

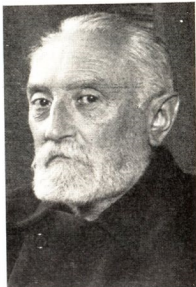
Reread Willa. Author Siebel's grim little slice of life has the troubling openness of a Grant Wood painting. Her portrait has a frame of iron, and within it poor Ella and all the rest do not have a chance because Julia Siebel never meant them to have one. Hatred for the harsh side of farm life is here, and hatred for the narrowness of small-town life, but it comes out as a pathological hatred instead of a meaningful one and Ella Beecher seems not so much tragic as vegetable. The publishers compare this embittered tale with the writing of Willa Cather, whom they should reread. Willa Cather knew how hard life could be in Ella Beecher country, but she also knew its beauty and could record what the hearts and spirits of its Ellas were speaking. *The Narrow Covering* deals with little except how they pursed their lips.

Man v. Windmills

ABEL SANCHEZ & OTHER STORIES (216 pp.)—*Miguel de Unamuno—Henry Regnery (\$1.25).*

One of the doughtiest soldiers of the modern world of ideological civil war is too obscurely defined in the U.S. ken. He is—or was—Don Miguel de Unamuno, twice rector of and twice expelled from the University of Salamanca,⁹ who brought to recent letters a Spanish taste for macabre conundrums about death: "One day we shall all die, even the dead."

Basque-born Unamuno had a Spanish flair for paradox—he insisted that the fictional Don Quixote was a greater and a realer man than Don Quixote's creator, Cervantes. This kind of juggling between the balloons of fiction and the cannonballs of fact made Unamuno an enigmatic figure—and in Catholic, reactionary Spain, a suspect and controversial one. In 1891, when he was 27, he became professor of Greek at Salamanca, and was appointed rector ten years later. He stoutly rejected any obligation to impose coherence on his thought, and backed up his stand by the



PHILOSOPHER UNAMUNO

In the old debate of life and death.

consistent inconsistency of his life. He translated Marxist books, tilted at the windmills of Spanish society, and at the same time, in his books engaged in what was essentially theological speculation.

Critics sometimes point to his *Tragic Sense of Life* as one of the works that inspired the existentialist movement in Paris after World War II. Influenced by the moral austerity of Ibsen and the mystical ruminations of Danish Theologian-Existentialist Søren Kierkegaard, the book argued the toss between faith and reason in a way that could not fail to cause offense to the Spanish hierarchy. In Unamuno's picture of man, man's worst friend was his dogma. He argued: flesh-and-blood man must assert his identity in the face of death. This seemed to leave God out of the picture, so in 1914, with an assist from a touchy government, he was forced out of his rectorship.

Self-Exiled. Unamuno continued to teach at the university, and politically he worked for the Republicans against the monarchy, but when Primo de Rivera's dictatorship took over in 1923, he attacked the new militarists, and the dictator forced him into exile in the Canary Islands. Although amnesty was granted a few months later, he exiled himself to Paris. By this time, his was the greatest literary name in the Hispanic world, and after Primo de Rivera's death, he returned to Salamanca with national acclaim. But Don Miguel was really a Don Quixote, and his Quixote's genius for glory and self-destruction led him to gibe constantly at the liberal republic, to salute the Francoist rebels in 1936, and, characteristically, to live just long enough to regret it. "He alone is truly wise who is conscious of his madness," he said in a lecture at Oxford. "I am conscious of my madness; therefore I am truly wise." Thus he lived and performed, an honored enigma. At one time, his work and his person seemed to have



NOVELIST SIEBEL

Out of the pockets of grandpa's suit.

* Among its notable students: Hernán Cortés, conqueror of, and New York's ex-Mayor William O'Dwyer, present resident of, Mexico.



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the embroidered smile of a saint on a religious banner; at another, the proud sneer of a Spanish beggar.

Unamuno's stories, like his life, are oddly wonderful. For the first time in a readily obtainable U.S. printing, three of his puzzling parables have been translated for the U.S. public by young (36) ex-Chicago Critic Anthony Kerrigan (now living in Majorca), whose introduction is a model of what such things should be. The title story is the oldest in the Judaeo-Christian record—that of Cain and Abel. Unamuno weaves the apparently simple theme, the crime of Cain (Joaquin), into a lifelong story that reaches beyond life. The antagonists for the love of a bitchy girl are Abel Sanchez, a free, talented and beloved artist to whom everything comes easily, and Joaquin, a doctor, who, for all his virtues, his intensity, his willingness to struggle, cannot beat out Abel for the girl's affections or life's rewards. Unamuno places guilt as deftly as a picador against whose fearful horse's flank the blundering bull of social judgment charges. Abel, the murdered man, admires his murderer "just as Milton admired Satan," and Slayer Joaquin's doom is to know his own fate: "The tragic Cain, the roving husbandman, the first to found cities, the father of industry, envy and community life!"

In Unamuno's story it is Painter Abel's masterpiece to depict the face of Cain, and Doctor Cain's fate to envy and destroy Abel. One of Unamuno's points, made with the subtlety befitting the rector of a university once famed for its theology, seems to be that Abel—bountifully rewarded by God with the world's gifts, was responsible for Cain's envy and thus his own death. Yet the story's outcome is simply Christian—and universal. As he lies dying, Cain says: "An old man is a child who knows he will die . . . enough . . . I could have loved you. I should have loved you, it would have been my salvation, but I did not."

Biographical Tale. There are only three stories in this collection. The second, *The Madness of Doctor Montarco*, is a simpler and perhaps more autobiographical tale. It records the difficulties of a devoted doctor whose patients desert him, and by community pressure drive him mad. Dr. Montarco's "crime"—like that of Unamuno himself—was that he liked to publish somewhat fantastic tales. "Poor Montarco," says one of his friends, "Poor Spain," corrects another.

The last story, *Saint Emmanuel the Good, Martyr*, once caused embarrassment to ceremonies set in motion at Salamanca in 1953 to celebrate the fame of the old rector who had died 17 years before. The story: Emmanuel, a parish priest, seemed fit for sanctification, yet he had not the faith he preached to others. Although Unamuno had died with a crucifix on his chest, imploring God to take him in, the story *Saint Emmanuel* had caused scandal, and Unamuno's name was forbidden to be mentioned, and the ceremonies planned in his honor at Salamanca were canceled.

In his stories Unamuno represents a tragic irony in Spanish life and letters; his

words are a disquieting passage in the old Spanish debate between life and death. He is one of those who broke his lance on the side of the foolish knight who tilted at the windmills of capricious fate.

Farce of the Year

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH (245 pp.)—Honor Tracy—Random House (\$3.50).

When it comes to pulling legs, the Irish have a natural preference for the leg to be English and themselves on the pulling end. In defying this convention, Novelist Honor (*The Deserters*) Tracy, herself part Irish, and a Catholic at that, has shown a distinct preference for legs that protrude beneath the cassocks of Irish parish priests.

To borrow the book's idiom, *The Straight and Narrow Path* is the tale of a



Brian Seed

SATIRIST TRACY
Plop! went the mulberry.

great harroosh* in the village of Patrickstown, and it may be said without fear of successful contradiction that neither Barry Fitzgerald nor Spencer Tracy nor Bing Crosby nor John Wayne will bid for the role of the priest, if the book, by some unlikely chance, is made into a film.

Upstairs Bathroom. Honor Tracy, for her first novel published in the U.S., has written the farce of the year. But Catholic readers, especially those of Irish descent, are warned that they will probably find it also highly scandalous. Patrickstown is all right in its own way—only an hour's jaunt out of Dublin, with good fishing, cozy drinking facilities, its inhabitants (now that Lord Patrickstown, the last of the Protestant gentry, is a convert) sleeping peacefully under the benign but totalitarian rule of Roman Catholic Canon Ignatius Pear. The canon's

* Something between a hassle and a bronchitis, or maybe a shenanigan.

only worries are the prevalence of love in the hayricks and the difficulty of raising funds to fit his parish house with an upstairs bathroom (which the local water pressure will not reach).

At least, these are all his worries until Dr. Andrew Butler, an English anthropologist "with a class of hair like an old nest," puts up at Mangan's Hotel for some rest after a breakdown from overwork on the tribal customs of the Congo. All might have been well had Dr. Butler not written a feature article for the London press. Butler included a description of nuns from the Patrickstown convent jumping over fires on Midsummer Eve and made some unfortunate references to some of the rites of *The Golden Bough* in connection with these innocent goings on.

As spiritual director of the nuns, Canon Pearl decides, under the prodding of the local legal shark, to sue for libel and defamation of character—he needs the money to pay for that dry bathroom which was necessary for the dignity of the parish. Suing the Sassenach and his newspaper seems the answer.

The Watery Mind. At this, "a number of bees quietly hiding their time in the national bonnet sprang to life with an angry hum." Everyone, including the canon, knows that the nuns did skip over fires on Midsummer Eve, but this is nothing to the big fact that no Englishman—and a writer at that—can "put down" an Irish priest in his own parish. The Englishman, of course, cannot see the logic of this, and takes the unreasonable attitude that his own good name is at stake; he will not let the London newspaper pay off. The case sets all Ireland roaring. Resolutions are passed. Committees are formed. Processions are staged. Anonymous letters flood the mails and editorial columns.

Peace descends only when Malachy, the Patrickstown simpleton, is vouchsafed a vision of the Virgin, and the populace turns from litigation to religion. Not, however, before the Irish, who stand "on the periphery of chaos," move into dead center and, in the book's most comic turn, infect the Sassenach with their own fey reasoning. "The bog water is rapidly rising in my brain," Butler finds, and obedient to the hypnosis that compels non-Irish reporters to write in a kind of stage Irish when describing St. Patrick's Day parades, he begins to talk in the wild, oblique, subjunctive manner of the natives.

During the Irish Rebellion of 1798 priests were sometimes executed by the "pitch cap": a tonsure of tar was ignited on the condemned man's head. Honor Tracy gives her own light twist to those cruel days. She drops a ripe red mulberry on the head of the canon. Its juice is the same color as his own flushed scalp. From there on, talented Author Tracy rarely, if ever, relents. In one word, the story is Irish, perhaps—to borrow the judgment Joyce's Dedalus made of his "all Irish" father—it is "all too Irish."

The Half of It. The reader who suspects that all this has been told before will be right. Two years ago Honor Tracy, then a 38-year-old journalist on assign-

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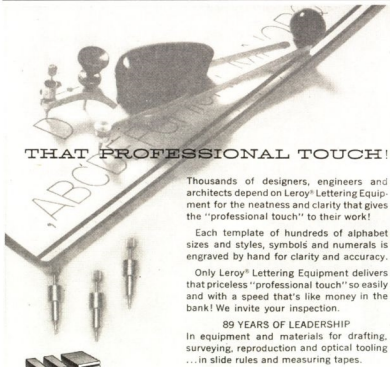
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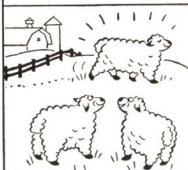


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ment for the *Sunday Times* of London, made a pointed little pen sketch of the village of Doneraile in County Cork and its 82-year-old priest, Canon Maurice O'Connell, who was then raising funds to build himself a new house. Miss Tracy's story was too pointed for the old canon, who sued the newspaper, which settled out of court with an apology. Journalist Tracy (who, like her fictional hero, is hatch-headed), thereupon sued the *Sunday Times* on the grounds that its retraction reflected on her standing as a truthful journalist. A British court awarded her \$8,400 damages (*TIME*, April 26, 1954). It was an entertaining case, covered in long columns in the Irish press, but Victor Tracy has apparently decided that the verdict was not enough. She wanted the last word too. This highly pleasurable Irish stew, fictionizing the actual events, shows that when the jury described her as "a woman of great resolution and determination," it didn't say the half of it.

A Bargain in Old Masters

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE (1,077 pp.)—Rafael Sabatini—Houghton Mifflin (\$6).

He was born in Italy, the son of an English soprano and an Italian tenor, picked up an education in Switzerland and Portugal, became a British subject and a proper young businessman. But not for long. As soon as he could read, he had begun to devour history, and one day he left his proper job for the happier one of cranking out historical novels. Quote the opening line of one of his most famous ones—"He was born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad"—and thousands of readers now living will know that it is from *Scaramouche*, by Rafael Sabatini.

A virile six-footer who, in costume, might have stood in for one of his own heroes, Sabatini was a tireless worker, and when he died in 1950 at 75, he left a shelf of 36 novels that make most current historicals seem like the work of low-energy convalescents. Sabatini had no use or time for what is sometimes called literary life, never read the novels of others, and probably did not think of himself as a novelist. But he knew all the tricks of the trade, and in his hands the historical was surefire. His plots are as tight and well woven as good wicker. The costumes fit, love and virtue always triumph, and the sword-play is the most expert, the flashiest since *The Three Musketeers*.

This week the nation's bookshops are stocking a Sabatini bargain. In *The Shadow of the Guillotine* contains three novels with a French Revolution setting: *Scaramouche*, *The Marquis of Carabas*, *The Lost King*. Even people with literary pretensions can admire the expert workmanship. Others will simply enjoy the storytelling, the color, the sweep and energy that were Sabatini's trademarks. Picking up this neat, compact volume, many an old fan will be glad to see him back.

MISCELLANY

Bail-Out. In Oakland, Calif., after an argument in their car which his wife was driving 35 m.p.h. down a deserted road, Edward Freitas announced, "I'm getting out right now," and did, was found unconscious by the road and hospitalized with broken ribs, a fractured elbow and head injuries.

Unfair Advantage. In Springfield, Ill., Lester D. Plummer asked a judge to annul his month-old marriage on the ground that he was so "emotionally upset" by the divorce from his first wife that he didn't know what he was doing when he re-married.

The Light Touch. In Union City, N.J., Otto Lohmann complained in court that George McLaughlin, 32, broke into his apartment, stole a \$300 diamond ring, two shirts, an electric fan and a bottle of whisky, then forced him, by running a knife "up and down my stomach," to write a note stating that he had voluntarily surrendered the stuff.

Go West, Young Men. In La Canada, Calif., the *Valley Sun* carried the following classified ad: "EXCELLENT VALUE. Husband has already left for the East making this contemporary ranch an excellent opportunity."

Fan. In Speke, England, after complaining to no avail that a faulty switch in his neighbor's house was interfering with his TV set, Jack Pugh, 50, walked next door, spotted Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Morrison, watching their own TV, fired four bullets through the window, wounding them both and smashing their TV set, explained later to cops: "I acted under great provocation."

Supporting Argument. In Los Angeles, Deputy County Assessor Bernard Berkeley appeared before a group of other assessors, failed to get the reduction he wanted on his own property despite his plea: "If the termites in my 36-year-old home were to stop holding hands the house would fall down."

Below the Belt. In Laramie, Wyo., Mrs. Ralph Conwell got into the right side of her Chevrolet to wait for her husband, cinched up her new safety belt, tried in vain to reach the brake as the car rolled down the driveway, rammed a truck, jumped the curb, moved down a lilac bush and crashed into the bedroom of the house next door.

Raw Deal. In Turin, Italy, freed after serving four months in jail, Luigi Capuano rushed home to find his wife gone, finally located her in a nearby hotel with another man, whom he beat up and tossed out into the street, was rearrested and sentenced to two months, 22 days for "immoral acts" in forcing a naked man to seek refuge in a public place.

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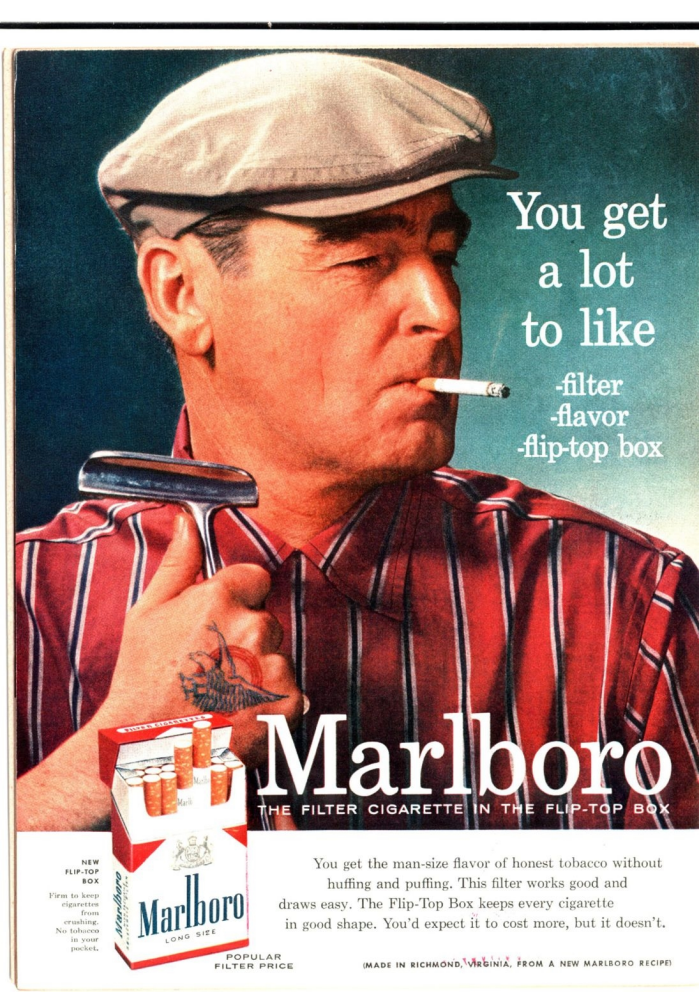
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